



This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

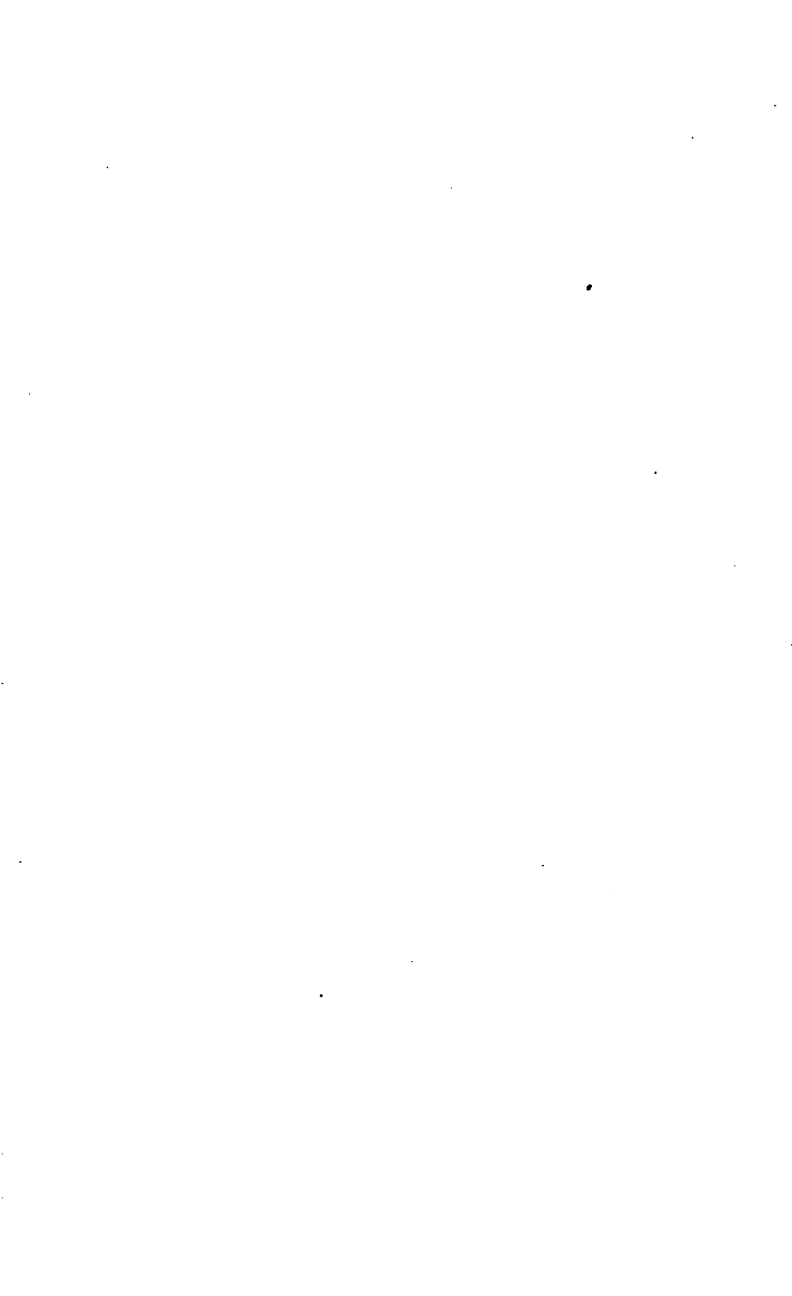
- + *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
- + *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
- + *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
- + *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at <http://books.google.com/>

CONDITION NOTED IN
OFFICIAL CATALOGUE

Keller
H. 11/10



Practical Recitations

SHORT PIECES FOR SCHOOL ENTERTAINMENT

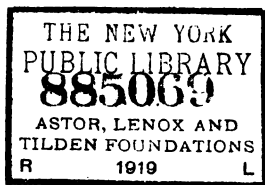
A R R A N G E D B Y
A M O S M. K E L L O G G

Author of "Primary Speaker," Etc.

FOR CHILDREN OF THIRTEEN YEARS

PHILADELPHIA
THE PENN PUBLISHING COMPANY

1918



Copyright, 1903, by

E. L. KELLOGG & CO.

NEW YORK

THE NEW YORK
PUBLIC LIBRARY
ASTOR, LENOX AND
TILDEN FOUNDATIONS

CONTENTS.

	PAGE
LIFE PICTURES.....	5
WATER.....	6
THE TWO WORKERS.....	6
THE JESTER CONDEMNED.....	7
THE SIGN-BOARD.....	9
THE BUILDERS.....	9
A WONDERFUL CURE IN BARLEY TOWN.....	10
A KING IN DISGUISE.....	13
THE REAPERS.....	14
"FATHER WILLIAM QUESTIONED".....	15
A TRUE HERO.....	16
THE PETRIFIED FERN.....	17
THE ACADEMY BELL.....	18
WAITING BY THE SHORE.....	20
A HYMN FOR THE CONQUERED.....	22
GREEN RIVER.....	23
FERGUSON'S CAT.....	24
A JOLLY OLD PEDAGOGUE.....	26
OUR DEAD HEROES.....	27
WORK AND WIN.....	28
THE IDEAL YOUNG MAN.....	29
BY-AND-BY.....	30
WILLIAM TELL.....	31
IF WE HAD BUT A DAY.....	32
THE WAY TO HEAVEN.....	33
LOOK UP, NOT DOWN.....	34
WHAT TIME IS IT?.....	35
LABOR.....	36
DAYS THAT ARE GONE.....	37
BETTER LATE THAN NEVER.....	38
THE IDEAL GIRL.....	39
IS IT WORTH WHILE?.....	40
THE ROUND OF LIFE.....	41
THE JOY OF DOING GOOD.....	42

Baker & Taylor 30 July 1903

	PAGE
HIS LAST VICTORY.	44
THE TEACHER'S TALE.	45
A MERRY MAIDEN MAYING.	47
WHERE DO YOU LIVE?	49
THE NANTUCKET SKIPPER.	50
THE WATER-MILL.	52
TACKLING SHIP OFF SHORE.	53
THE WEIGHT OF A WORD.	55
THE FLOWERS' KNOWLEDGE.	55
THE SHIP ON FIRE.	57
"SAVING MOTHER".	58
THE CHRISTMAS STAR.	60
TO A WATERFOWL.	61
WITCH-HAZEL.	62
"GUILTY OR NOT GUILTY".	63
MAXIMUS.	65
THEN AND NOW.	66
THE SLAVE'S DREAM.	67
THE WELL-DIGGER.	69
THE POLICEMAN'S STORY.	71
THE LITTLE GRAVE.	72
THE OLD SCHOOL-HOUSE.	73
THE LIGHT-HOUSE.	75
OPPORTUNITY.	76
THE TWO STREAMS.	77
TO THE FRINGED GENTIAN.	78
OUR COUNTRY AND OUR HOME.	79
THE LIGHT-SHIP.	80
A GLORIOUS DEED.	81
THE MODEL GIRL.	82
WE PARTED IN SILENCE.	83
WHAT DOES IT MATTER? . . .	84
COMPANIONSHIP.	85
WHAT LIFE MAY BE.	86
THE LUCKY HORSESHOE.	87
THE PEN.	89
THE WILL MAKES THE WAY.	89
THE MONKEY'S SCHEME.	91
HOW TO SERVE MY COUNTRY.	91
THEORY AND PRACTICE.	92
A RELIGIOUS MAN.	93

(*Practical Recitations.*)

Practical Recitations.



Life Pictures.

A traveler through a dusty road
Strewed acorns on the lea,
And one took root and sprouted up
And grew into a tree.

A passing stranger scooped a well
Where weary men might bide;
He passed again, and lo! the well,
By summers never dried,
Had cooled ten thousand parched tongues
And saved a life beside.

A dreamer dropped a random thought
'Twas old and yet 'twas new—
A simple fancy of the brain,
But strong in being true.

It shone upon a genial mind,
And lo! its light became
A lamp of life, a beacon ray,
A monitory flame.

A nameless man, amid a crowd
That thronged the daily mart,
Let fall a word of Hope and Love
Unstudied from the heart.

O germ! O fount! O word of love!
O thought at random cast!
Ye were but little at the first
But mighty at the last.

Water.

It is present in the storm and rain, it is present in the dew;
 It glistens in a tear-drop, for that is water too;
 It forms the beautiful fountain, it is the ocean foam;
 It is found in every climate, every country is its home.

It dwells in vegetation, and in the human form;
 It is needed by every nation, in climates cold and warm;
 It is found upon the mountain-top, and in the grassy plain;
 It sometimes comes in snow-flakes, sometimes in showers of
 rain.

It spreads wide out in crystal lakes, it forms the mighty falls;
 It runs along in rivers, it flows through our canals;
 It floats all our noble ships, it turns the ponderous wheel;
 It helps to form the motive power for factory, shop, or mill.

It forms the lovely rainbow after a summer shower;
 It invigorates the tender plant by its magic power;
 It keeps alive the sturdy oak, it makes the flowers bloom;
 It forms a mirror of the lake, reflects the shining moon.



The Two Workers.

Two workers in one field
 Toiled on from day to day,
 Both had the same hard labor,
 Both had the same small pay.
 With the same blue sky above,
 And the same green earth below,
 One soul was full of love,
 The other full of woe.

One leaped up with the light,
 With the soaring of the lark,
 One felt his woe each night,
 For his soul was ever dark.

One heart was hard as stone,
One heart was ever gay,
One toiled with many a groan,
One whistled all the day.

One had a flower-clad cot
Beside a merry mill;
Wife and children near the spot
Made it sweeter, fairer still.
One a wretched hovel had,
Full of discord, dirt, and din;
No wonder he seemed mad,
Wife and children starved within.

Still they worked in the same field,
Toiling on from day to day,
Both had the same hard labor,
Both had the same small pay.
But they worked not with one will,
The reason, let me tell—
Lo! one drank at the still,
And the other at the well.

—JOHN W. AVERY.



The Jester Condemned.

One of the kings of Scanderoon,
A royal jester,
Had in his train a gross buffoon,
Who used to pester
The court with tricks inopportune,
Venting on the highest folks his
Scurvy pleasantries and hoaxes.

It needs some sense to play the fool,
Which wholesome rule
Occurred not to our jackanapes,
Who consequently found his freaks,

Led to innumerable scrapes,
 And quite as many kicks and tweaks,
 Which only seemed to make him faster
 Try the patience of his master.

Some sin at last, beyond all measure,
 Incurred the desperate displeasure
 Of his serene and raging Highness;
 Whether he twitched his most reverend
 And sacred beard,
 Or had intruded on the shyness
 Of the seraglio, or let fly
 An epigram at royalty,

None knows: his sin was an occult one;
 But record tell us that the Sultan,
 Meaning to terrify the knave,
 Exclaimed, "'Tis time to stop that breath;
 Thy doom is sealed;—presumptuous slave!
 Thou stand'st condemned to certain death.
 Silence, base rebel!—no replying;
 But such is my indulgence still,
 That, of my own free grace and will,
 I leave to thee the *mode* of dying."

"The royal will be done,—'tis just,"
 Replied the wretch, and kissed the dust;
 "Since, my last moments to assuage,
 Your Majesty's humane decree
 Has deigned to leave the choice to me,
 I'll die, so please you, of *old age*!"

—HORACE SMITH.



Golden Mottoes.

The best hearts are ever the bravest.—LAURENCE STERNE

Bad habits gather by unseen degrees,
 As brooks make rivers, rivers run to seas.—DRYDEN.

The Sign-board.

**I will paint you a sign, rumseller,
And hang it above your door;
A truer and better sign-board
Than ever you had before.**

**I will paint yourself, rumseller,
And I will paint a fair young boy,
Just in the morn of manhood,
A mother's pride and joy.**

**And below I will paint a drunkard—
I will paint him as he lies
In a beastly drunken slumber,
Under cold wintry skies.**

**Shall I paint this sign, rumseller?
If so, many will pause to view!
'Twill be a wonderful sign-board,
And but oh! so terribly, fearfully true.**



The Builders.

**All are architects of Fate,
Working in these walls of Time;
Some with massive deeds and great;
Some with ornaments of rhyme.**

**Nothing useless is, or low;
Each thing in its place is best;
And what seems but idle show,
Strengthens and supports the rest.**

**For the structure that we raise,
Time is with materials filled;
Our to-days and yesterdays
Are the blocks with which we build.**

Truly shape and fashion these;
 Leave no yawning gaps between;
 Think not, because no man sees,
 Such things will remain unseen.

In the older days of art,
 Builders wrought with greatest care
 Each minute and unseen part;
 For the gods see everywhere.

Let us do our work as well,
 Both the unseen and the seen;
 Make the house where gods may dwell
 Beautiful, entire, and clean.

Else our lives are incomplete,
 Standing, in these walls of Time,
 Broken stairways, where the feet
 Stumble as they seek to climb.

Build to-day, then, strong and sure,
 With a firm and ample base;
 And ascending and secure
 Shall to-morrow find its place.

Thus alone can we attain
 To those turrets, where the eye
 Sees the world as one vast plain,
 And one boundless reach of sky.

—HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.



A Wonderful Cure in Barley Town.

Dr. Jelly and Dr. Jam and Dr. Marmalade,
 All lived in a row on Chocolate Hill,
 With big brass door-plates shining;
 And whenever the children were taken ill
 The only way to keep them still,
 And stop their fretting and whining,
 Was to fetch with all haste that could be made,
 Dr. Jelly, or Jam, or Marmalade.

Dr. Jelly was "Homœ-pathetic," the children called him
nice,
For his regular dose was a generous pound
Of jelly, clear and shaky,
To be given in tarts quite smooth and pound,
With pure white sugar finely ground,
And the pastry crisp and flaky.
He never was needed to come around twice,
For the children recovered in less than a trice.

Dr. Jam was "Regular School," and always came in
a shay;
"Jelly?" said he, "why, it never will do!
It's good berry jam they're needing!"
And this diagnosis seemed wonderfully true—
Raspberry, blackberry, strawberry, too—
They eat it like pigs a-feeding.
And hardly had Dr. Jam driven away
When the patients were cured, and were out at their play.

Dr. Marmalade's school was different, "Electro-fantastic,"
you know,
Although the dear children were terribly ill,
He cured them almost without trying,
For he gave them marmalade, rich and thick,
Solid and smooth, and square as a brick.
So they straightway stopped their crying,
And before he could close the door below
They were up at the window to see him go

One morning it happened the Lord Mayor's "youngest"
was taken most suddenly ill,
And stoutly refused any breakfast to take,
Though he wouldn't tell what was the matter;
So a footman was quickly dispatched, in haste,
And warned that there wasn't an instant to waste.
Off he went with much rattle and clatter
To fetch without fail, and whatever the bill,
The three great doctors of Chocolate Hill.

They came, and together they shook their heads in a solemn sort of way;

But each was unwilling, when asked, at first,
To hold a consultation;
And declared that if worse hadn't come to worst,
He would rather the world blew up and burst
Than risk his reputation;
But the patient was in such a desperate way,
He would hear what the other two had to say

"West Indian guava," said Dr. Jelly, "exactly meets the case."

At this Dr. Jam lost his self-control,
"You might as well give him water!
I tell you, sir! he needs a bowl
Of raspberry jam, and, 'pon my soul!
To give him less is slaughter!"
Here Dr. Marmalade's solemn face
Showed that he knew 'twas a desperate case.

At last he spoke in earnest tones, "It thus appears to me;

You hold that jelly the case will reach,
While *you* think jam is stronger,
I beg to respectfully differ from each:
The case, sir, demands *marmalade of peach!*
Yet, rather than argue longer,
Suppose we make up our minds to agree
By giving the suffering child—*all three?*"

A happy thought! they all shook hands; and hardly was it done

As Dr Marmalade had said,
When, quicker than it's written,
The boy was cured, and out of bed,
And, perched on the ridgepole of the shed,
Was stoning the neighbor's kitten.
And the doctors agreed as they watched the fun,
That three heads are sometimes better than one.

Thousands and thousands of dollars, each, the Lord Mayor
 gladly paid
 To these three great doctors of Chocolate Hill,
 With big brass door-plates shining.
 And *now*, when his Lordship's children are ill,
 They all come together and send one bill,
 With co-partnership style of signing.
 So you'll read at the foot of the bill—when it's paid—
 "Jelly & Jam & Marmalade."

—WOLSTAN DIXEY.

A King in Disguise.

My brain is dull, my hands are tired,
 I have no heart for work or play;
 Just let the hours go as they will,
 I can do naught at all to-day.

Life's battle does not need my aid;
 I'll lay aside my sword and shield;
 To-morrow, perhaps, with better heart
 I may be glad to take the field.

What is To-day? A few short hours
 In which men toil, or think, or weep.
 I'll let them idly drift away,
 And sleep and dream, and dream and sleep.

"What folly!" cried my better self.
 "Lift up thy drowsy heart and eyes
 What is To-day? He is a king,
 A mighty monarch in disguise.

"His hands are full of splendid gifts—
 Honor, and wisdom, wealth and fame.
 Haste thee! perchance this very hour—
 This only hour—he calls thy name."

Then anxiously, with eager haste,
 I went and stood in Duty's place;
 And just at noontide's weary hour
 Fortune and I met face to face.

She said, "I've waited here for thee.
 And half I feared thou would'st delay.
 Now what the past has still denied
 Is thine with tenfold grace To-day."

What is an hour? Oft fortune, fame,
 Of weary years the goal and prize;
 What is To-day? Go serve it well,
 Perchance a monarch in disguise,
 —LILLIE E. BARR, in *Harper's Weekly*.



The Reapers.

(GARFIELD'S FAVORITE HYMN.)

Ho! Reapers of life's harvest,
 Why stand with rusted blade
 Until the night draws round thee
 And day begins to fade?
 Why stand ye idle, waiting
 For reapers more to come?
 The golden morn is passing—
 Why sit ye idle, dumb?

Thrust in your sharpened sickle
 And gather in the grain—
 The night is fast approaching
 And soon will come again.
 The Master calls for reapers,
 And shall He call in vain?
 Shall sheaves lie there ungathered
 And waste upon the plain?

Mount up the heights of wisdom
And crush each error low;
Keep back no words of knowledge
That human hearts shall know.
Be faithful to thy mission
In service of thy Lord,
And then a golden chaplet
Shall be thy just reward.



“Father William Questioned.”

“You are old, Father William,” the young man said,
“And your hair has become very white;
And yet you incessantly stand on your head—
Do you think at your age it is right?”

“In my youth,” Father William replied to his son,
“I feared it might injure the brain;
But now that I’m perfectly sure I have none,
Why, I do it again and again.”

“You are old,” said the youth, “as I mentioned before,
And have grown most uncommonly fat;
Yet you turned a pack somersault in at the door—
Pray what is the reason of that?”

“In my youth,” said the sage as he shook his gray locks,
“I kept all my limbs very supple
By the use of this ointment—one shilling the box—
Allow me to sell you a couple.”

“You are old,” said the youth, “and your jaws are too weak
For anything tougher than suet;
Yet you finished the goose, with the bones and the beak;
Pray, how did you manage to do it?”

“In my youth,” said his father, “I took to the law,
And argued each case with my wife;
And the muscular strength which it gave to my jaw,
Has lasted the rest of my life.”

"You are old," said the youth, "one would hardly suppose
That your eyes were as steady as ever;
Yet you balanced an eel on the end of your nose—
What made you so awfully clever?"

"I have answered three questions, and that is enough,"
Said his father, "don't give yourself airs!
Do you think I can listen all day to such stuff?
Be off or I'll toss you down stairs?"
—From "Alice in Wonderland."



A True Hero.

Not at the battle front, writ of in story,
Not on the blazing wreck, steering in glory,
Not while in mortal pangs soul and flesh sever,
Died he, this hero new—hero for ever!

No pomp poetic crowned, no forms enchained him;
No friends applauding watched, no foes arraigned him;
Death found him there without grandeur or beauty—
Only an honest man doing his duty!

Just a God-fearing man, simple and lowly;
Constant at kirk and hearth, kindly and lowly;
Death found and touched him with finger in flying,
So he rose up complete—hero undying.

All now lament for him—lovingly raise him
Up from his life obscure, chronicle, praise him;
Tell his last act, done midst peril appalling.
And the last words of cheer from his lips falling.

So many a hero walks daily beside us
Till comes the hour supreme sent to divide us.
Then the Lord calls his own, like this man even,
Carried, Elijah-like, fire-winged, to heaven!

—MRS. MULOCK-CRAIK.

The Petrified Fern.

In a valley, centuries ago,
Grew a little fern leaf, green and slender,
Veining delicate and fibers tender;
Waving when the wind crept down so low;
Rushes tall, and moss, and grass grew round it,
Playful sunbeams darted in and found it,
Drops of dew stole in by night, and crowned it,
But no foot of man e'er trod that way.
Earth was young and keeping holiday.

Monster fishes swam the silent main,
Stately forests waved their giant branches,
Mountains hurled their snowy avalanches,
Mammoth creatures stalked across the plain;
Nature revealed in grand mysteries;
But the little fern was not of these,
Did not number with the hills and trees,
Only grew and waved its wild sweet way,
No one came to note it day by day.

Earth, one time, put on a frolic mood,
Heaved the rocks and changed the mighty motion
Of the deep, strong currents of the ocean;
Moved the plain and shook the mighty wood,
Crushed the little fern in soft, moist clay,
Covered it, and hid it safe away.
Oh, the long, long centuries since that day!
Oh, the agony, oh, life's bitter cost,
Since that useless little fern was lost!

Useless! Lost! There came a thoughtful man
Searching Nature's secrets far and deep;
From a fissure in a rocky steep
He withdrew a stone, o'er which there ran,
Fairy pencilings, a quaint design,
Veinings, leafage, fibers clear and fine,
And the fern's life lay in every line!
So, I think, God hides some souls away,
Sweetly to surprise us the last day.

—M. B. BRANCH.

The Academy Bell.

The rich air is sweet with the breath of September
 The sumach is staining the hedges with red;
 Soft rests on the hill-slopes the light we remember,
 The glory of days which so long ago fled.

When, brown cheeked and ruddy,

Blithe-hearted and free,

The summons to study

We answered with glee.

Listen, O listen, once more to the swell
 Of the watchful and merry Academy bell.

It sounds not in vain over mountain and valley,
 That tocsin which gathers the far-scattered clans;
 From playtime and leisure fleet-footed they rally,
 Brave lads and bright lasses o'er-flowing with plans;

From croquet and cricket,

To blackboard and map,

Is but shooting a wicket;

No fear of mishap,

O hark! how it echoes through dingle and dell
 The jocund, the earnest Academy bell!

They fly at its call, from soft mother caresses;
 The boy will not tarry, the girl cannot wait;
 So the round head close clipped, and the loose, flowing
 tresses

Together flash out from the vine-trellised gate.

And the house that was holden

By revel supreme,

Is wrapped in the golden,

Fair peace of a dream.

To sisters and mothers how silvern the swell,
 Of the rest-bringing, easeful Academy bell.

The path by the river, where willows are drooping,
 Is radiant with children; the long city street,
 All busy with traffic, makes room for their trooping
 And rings to the rush of their beautiful feet.

For the poet and preacher,
 The man of affairs
 And the gentle home teacher
 O'er-burdened with cares,
 Alike spare a moment to wishing them well,
 Who speed when they hear the Academy bell.

God bless them, our darlings! God give them full measure
 Of joy at the fountains of wisdom and truth;
 We tenderly view the enchantment of pleasure
 Which royally lies on the days of their youth;
 For, brown-cheeked and ruddy,
 When children at home,
 That summons to study
 Once called us to come.
 And the voices departed we hear in the swell
 Of the never-forgotten Academy bell.

—*Youth's Companion.*



October.

Ay, thou art welcome, heaven's delicious breath!
 When woods begin to wear the crimson leaf,
 And suns grow meek, and the meek suns grow brief,
 And the year smiles as it draws near its death.
 Wind of the sunny south! oh, still delay
 In the gay woods and in the golden air;
 Like to a good old age released from care,
 Journeying, in long serenity, away.
 In such a bright, late quiet, would that I
 Might wear out life like thee, mid bowers and brooks,
 And, dearer yet, the sunshine of kind looks,
 And music of kind voices ever nigh;
 And when my last sand twinkled in the glass,
 Pass silently from men, as thou dost pass.



I'd rather be right than be president of the United States.—HENRY CLAY.

Waiting by the Shore.

What seest thou, brother, o'er the stormy sea?
The waves are mounting in their majesty,
And yet standest 'mid the fearful din,
As if some long-lost ship were coming in.

"I have been gazing o'er the waters wild,
So many a year; a disappointed child
Of trusted fortune, 'neath whose angry frown
I've seen full many a gallant craft go down.

"But now a shadow on the western sky
I see, as if some ship were passing by,
And as I watch it moving to and fro,
It seems the very ship of long ago.

"'Twas by the hills of morning, blithe and gay
My gallant craft went o'er the sea away;
And out amid the billows' fearful roar
Her fragile form went down to rise no more.

"And nearer, o'er the bounding deep I see
The same old ship come sailing back to me,
Long lost, but loved thro' many weary years,
A form of beauty and a child of tears.

"The distant islands by the sunset shore,
Where fancy wandered in the days of yore,
Have kept my treasure, thro' the summer time;
And now when autumn voices round me chime
Blithe as the morning o'er the white seafoam,
My long-lost ship comes sailing proudly home."

Once more, my brother, look across the wave,
For on a summer morning long ago,
One went to sleep—the silent voiceless grave,
Whose thrilling secrets mortals may not know,
Closed o'er our loved ones, and it seemed to be
A gallant ship gone down upon the sea.

"Lo! o'er the waters gleam a flickering light,
White hands are raised upon the farthest shore,
Where gentle summer smiles in radiance bright
And fragrant breezes wander evermore.

The flickering light a steady flame has grown.
The phantom form a thing of life,
And by the homeward breezes briskly borne,
A ship comes sailing thro' the watery strife.

And all along the near horizon's bars,
That seem to rest upon the billowy sea,
The forms of love, like troops of golden stars
From distant islands wander back to thee."

And it is true, lone brother by the shore,
That forms of love and hope are never lost?
Will they return still fairer than before,
Tho' long upon the ocean tempest-tossed?

God seeth all, and He is ever just;
After the sowing, reaping time will come;
His promise every mortal man may trust,
And we shall shout the certain "harvest home."

—J. W. BARKER.



November.

Yet one smile more, departing, distant sun!
One mellow smile through the soft vapory air,
Ere, o'er the frozen earth, the loud winds run,
Or snows are sifted o'er the meadows bare.
One smile on the brown hills and naked trees,
And the dark rocks whose summer wreaths are cast,
And the blue gentian flower, that, in the breeze,
Nods lonely, of her beauteous race the last,
Yet a few sunny days in which the bee
Shall murmur by the hedge that skirts the way,
The cricket chirp upon the russet lea,
And man delight to linger in the ray.
Yet one rich smile, and we will try to bear
The piercing winter frost, and winds, and darkened air.

A Hymn for the Conquered.

I sing the hymn of the conquered, who fell in the battle of life—

The hymn of the wounded, the beaten, who died overwhelmed in the strife;

Not the jubilant song of the victors, for whom the resounding acclaim

Of nations was lifted in chorus, whose brows wore the chaplet of fame,—

But the hymn of the low and the humble, the weary, the broken in heart,

Who strove and who failed, acting bravely a silent and desperate part;

Whose youth bore no flower on its branches, whose hopes burned in ashes;

From whose hands slipped the prize they had grasped at—who stood at the dying of day,

With the work of their life all around them, unpitied, unheeded alone,

With death swooping down o'er their failure, and all but their faith overthrown.

While the voice of the world shouts its chorus, its pæan for those who have won—

While the trumpet is sounding triumphant, and high to the breeze and the sun,

Gay banners are waving, hands clapping, and hurrying feet, Thronging after the laurel-crowned victors—I stand on the

field of defeat

In the shadow, 'mongst those who are fallen and wounded and dying,—and there

Chant a requiem low, place my hand on their pain-knotted brows, breathe a prayer;

Hold the hand that is helpless, and whisper "They only the victory win

Who have fought the good fight and have vanquished the demon that tempts us within;

Who have held to their faith unseduced by the prize that the world holds on high;

Who have dared for a high cause to suffer, resist, fight—if
need be, to die.

Speak, History, who are Life's victors? Unroll the long an-
nals and say—

Are they those whom the world called the victors, who won
the success of a day?

The martyrs or Nero? The Spartans who fell at Ther-
mopylæ's tryst,

Or the Persians and Xerxes? His judges, or Socrates?
Pilate or Christ?

—W. W. S., in *Blackwood's Magazine*.



Green River.

Pure are its waters—its shallows are bright
With colored pebbles and sparkles of light,
And clear the depth where its eddies play,
And dimples deepen and whirl away.
And the plane-tree's speckled arm o'ershoot
The swifter current that mines its root.
Through whose shifting leaves, as you walk the hill,
The quivering glimmer of sun and rill
With a sudden flash on the eye is thrown,
Like the ray that streams from the diamond-stone.
Oh, loveliest there the spring days come,
With blossoms, and birds, and wild bees' hum;
The flowers of summer are fairest there,
And freshest the breath of the summer air;
And sweetest the golden autumn day
In silence and sunshine glides away.

Yet, fair as thou art, thou shunnest to glide,
Beautiful stream! by the village side;
But windest away from haunts of men,
To quiet valley and shaded glen;
And forest, and meadow, and slope of hill,
Around thee are lonely, lovely, and still.
Lonely—save when, by the rippling tides,
From thicket to thicket the angler glides;

Or the simpler comes with basket and book,
 For herbs of power on thy banks to look;
 Or haply, some idle dreamer, like me,
 To wander, and muse and gaze on thee.
 Still—save the chirp of birds that feed
 On the river cherry and seedy reed,
 And thy own wild music gushing out
 With mellow murmur or fairy shout,
 From dawn to the blush of another day,
 Like traveler singing along his way.

—WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.



Ferguson's Cat.

There was a man named Ferguson,
 Who lived on Market street;
 He had a speckled Thomas cat,
 That couldn't well be beat;
 He'd catch more rats and mice and such,
 Than forty cats could eat.

This cat would come into the room
 And climb upon a chair;
 And there he'd sit and lick himself,
 And purr so awful queer
 That Ferguson would yell at him—
 But still he'd purr severe.

At night he'd climb the moonlit fence,
 And loaf around and yowl,
 And spit and claw another cat
 Alongside of the jowl;
 And then they both would snap their tails,
 And jump around and howl.

And all the mothers in the street,
 Waked by the horrid din,
 Would rise right up and search their babes
 To find some worryin' pin;
 And still this vigorous cat would keep
 A hollerin' like sin.

And as for Mr. Ferguson,
 'Twas more than he could bear,
 And so he'd hurl his bootjack out
 Into the midnight air;
 But this vociferous Thomas cat,
 Not one cent did he care:

For still he spat and kept his fur
 A standin' up on end,
 And kept his spine a-doublin' up
 As far as it would bend,
 And from his brazen lungs
 Most horrid howls would send.

But while a-curvin' of his spine,
 And waitin' to attack
 A cat upon the other fence,
 There came an awful crack;
 And this 'ere Thomas cat
 Was busted in the back.

When Ferguson looked out next morn,
 There lay his old feline,
 And not a life was left in him,
 Although he had had nine;
 "His taking off," said Ferguson
 No one will scarce repine.



The Faithful Soldier.

In many a fevered swamp,
 By many a black bayou,
 In many a cold and frozen camp,
 The weary sentinel ceased his tramp,
 And died for me and you!
 From western plain to ocean tide
 Are stretched the graves of those who died
 For me and you!
 Good friend for me and you.

A Jolly Old Pedagogue.

'Twas a jolly old pedagogue, long ago,
Tall and slender, and sallow and dry;
His form was bent, and his gait was slow,
His long thin hair was white as snow,
But a wonderful twinkle shone in his eye;
And he sang every night as he went to bed,
"Let us be happy down here below;
The living must live, though the dead be dead,"
Said the jolly old pedagogue, long ago.

He taught his scholars the rule of three,
Writing, and reading, and history, too;
He took the little ones up on his knee—
For a kind old heart in his breast had he—
And the wants of the littlest child he knew.
"Learn when you're young," he often said,
"There's much to enjoy down here below;
Life for the living and rest for the dead,"
Said the jolly old pedagogue, long ago.

With the stupidest boy he was kind and cool,
Speaking only in gentlest tones:
The rod was hardly known in his school—
Whipping to him was a barbarous rule,
And too hard work for his poor old bones;
Besides it was painful, he sometimes said,
"We must make life pleasant here below,
The living need charity more than the dead,"
Said the jolly old pedagogue, long ago.

He lived in the house by the hawthorn lane,
With the roses and woodbine over the door;
His room was quiet, and neat, and plain,
But a spirit of comfort there held reign,
And made him forget he was old and poor;
"I need so little," he often said,
"And my friends and relatives here below
Won't litigate over me when I am dead,"
Said the jolly old pedagogue, long ago.

He sat in the door one summer night,
After the sun had sunk in the west,
And the lingering beams of golden light
Made his kindly old face look warm and bright,
While the odorous night wind whispered rest!
Gently, gently he bowed his head,—
There were angels waiting for him I know;
He was sure of his happiness, living or dead,
This jolly old pedagogue, long ago.

—GEORGE ARNOLD.



Our Dead Heroes.

Rest on, O heroes! in your silent slumber!
Hail and farewell, ye mighty, moveless dead!
Long as her centuries Earth shall know and number,
Green be the laurel boughs above ye spread.

Your course is spread; your record man remembers,
And God's own hand your sacred dust shall keep;
Though all the flame hath left those mortal embers,
Upward it sprang, with bright, immortal leap.

Sleep in your country's heart; forever holy
Your memory shines along the slopes we tread;
Another hundred years their incense lowly
Ere long shall o'er your sculptured honors shed.

And we who bring you grace and salutation,
We, too, shall sleep; and nobler tribes of men
Shall offer here the homage of a nation
Rich with a wisdom far beyond our ken.

But still, as years return, shall man returning
Fight, fall, despair, or chant the conqueror's psalm
Still the same light in patriot hearts be burning,
And Heaven, still just, bestow the martyr's palm.
—ROSE TERRY COOKE.

Work and Win.

Up! awake from slumber!
There is work for you to do;
Would you plod along life's pathway,
With no better aim in view
Than your silly, selfish pleasures?
If another's way is dark,
Shed some sunlight o'er his pathway
Lend a hand to steer his bark.

Each one has his work appointed—
Has some field to labor in,
While ambition points us upward
To the motto "Work and win."
Do not think yourself degraded—
We have our respective spheres;
All cannot be doctors, lawyers,
Merchants, ministers, or peers.

Every person has his station—
Has some duty to perform,
Which, if nobly done, is worthy
Of the highest honors worn;
Let us live then, truly, nobly,
And in life's incessant din
Have some aim for which to labor
With the motto, "Work and win."

There are thorny paths before us—
Path's that other feet have trod,
Until wearied with life's burden,
They are laid beneath the sod.
We must all toil up the hillside—
Up where bravest sons have been,
Never faltering, always striving,
With the will to "Work and win."

The Ideal Young Man.

An independent young man;
A right-kind-of-stuff young man;
A deep, comprehensible,
Plain-spoken, sensible,
Thoroughly self-made young man.

A not-to-be-beaten young man;
An up-to-the-front young man;
A genuine, plucky,
Happy-go-lucky,
Try-it-again young man.

A knowledge-seeking young man;
A real wide-awake young man;
A working-in-season,
Find-out-the-reason,
Not-too-smart-to-learn-young man.

A look-out-for-others young man;
A practice-not-preach young man;
A kind, sympathetic,
Not-all-theoretic,
One-in-a-thousand young man.

An affable, courteous young man;
A know-what-to-say young man;
A knight of true chivalry,
Frank in delivery,
Making-his-mark young man.

A now-a-days-scarce young man;
A hard-to-be-found young man;
A perfectly self-possessed,
Not always overdressed,
Kind-that-I-like young man.



Golden Mottoes.

We can do more good by being good than in any other way.—ROWLAND HILL.

Cheerful looks make every dish a feast.—MASSINGER.

By-and-By.

There's a little mischief maker,
 That is stealing half our bliss,
 Sketching pictures in a dreamland
 That are never seen in this;
 Dashing from our lips the pleasure
 Of the present, while we sigh;
 You may know this mischief maker,
 For his name is By-and-By.

He is sitting by our hearthstones,
 With his sly, bewitching glance,
 Whispering of the coming morrow
 As the social hours advance;
 Loitering 'mid our calm reflections,
 Hiding forms of beauty nigh—
 He's a smooth, deceitful fellow,
 This enchanter, By-and-By.

You may know him by his wincing,
 By his careless, sportive air,
 By his sly, obtrusive presence,
 That is straying everywhere,
 By the trophies that he gathers
 Where his sombre victims lie;
 For a bold, determined fellow
 Is this conqueror—By-and-By.

When the calls of duty haunt us,
 And the present seems to be
 All the time that ever mortals
 Snatch from dark eternity,
 Then a fairy hand seems painting
 Pictures on a distant sky;
 For a cunning little artist
 Is the fairy By-and-By.

"By-and-By" the wind is singing;
 "By-and-By" the heart replies;
 But the phantom just before us,
 Ere we grasp it, ever flies.

List not to the idle charmer,
Scorn the very specious lie;
Only in the fancy l.veth
This deceiver—By-and-By.

—J. W. BARKER.

William Tell.

Chains may subdue the feeble spirit, but thee,
Tell, of the iron heart! they could not tame!
For thou wert of the mountains; they proclaim
The everlasting creed of liberty.
That creed is written on the untrampled snow,
Thundered by torrents which no power can hold,
Save that of God, when He sends forth His cold,
And breathed by winds that through the free heavens blow.
Thou, while thy prison-walls were dark around,
Didst meditate the lesson Nature taught,
And to thy brief captivity was brought
A vision of thy Switzerland unbound.
The bitter cup they mingled, strengthened thee
For the great work to set thy country free.

Who are the Free?

They who have scorned the tyrant and his rod,
And bowed in worship unto none but God;
They who have made the conqueror's glory dim,
In chain, in cell, though manacled in limb,
Unwarped by prejudice, unawed by wrong,
Friends to the weak, and fearless of the strong;
They who will change not with the changing hour,
The self-made man in peril as in power;
True to the law of right, in spite of frown,
To grant another's as maintain their own;
Foes to oppression, whereso'er it be—
These are proudly free.

—CANON FARRAR.

If We Had But a Day.

We should fill the hours with the sweetest things,
 If we had but a day;
 We should drink alone at the purest springs,
 In our upward way;
 We should love with a life-time's love in an hour,
 If our hours were few!
 We should rest, not for dreams, but for fresher power
 To be and to do.

We should bind our weary and wanton wills
 To the clearest light;
 We should keep our eyes on the heavenly hills
 If they lay in sight;
 We should trample the pride and the discontent
 Beneath our feet;
 We should take whatever a good God sent,
 With a trust complete!

We should waste no moments in weak regret,
 If the day were but one—
 If what we remember and what we forget
 Went out with the sun.
 We should be from our clamorous selves set free,
 To work or to pray,
 And to be what our Father would have us be,
 If we had but a day.



Our Native Land.

Breathes there a man with soul so dead,
 Who never to himself hath said,
 "THIS is my own, my native land!"
 Whose heart hath ne'er within him burned,
 As home his footsteps he hath turned
 From wandering on a foreign strand?

—SCOTT.

The Way to Heaven.

Heaven is not reached at a single bound,
But we build the ladder by which we rise
From the lowly earth to the vaulted skies
And we mount to its summit round by round.

I count this thing to be grandly true,
That a noble deed is a step toward God,
Lifting the soul from its common clod
To a purer air and a broader view.

We rise by the things that are under our feet,
By what we have mastered of good or gain,
By the pride deposed and the passion slain,
And the vanquished ills that we hourly meet.

We hope, we resolve, we aspire, we pray,
And we think that we mount the air on wings,
Beyond the recall of sensual things,
While our feet still cling to the heavy clay.

Wings for angels, but feet for men!
We may borrow the wings to find a way.
We may hope and resolve and aspire and pray,
But our feet must rise or we fall again.

Only in dreams is a ladder thrown
From the weary earth to the sapphire walls;
But the dreams depart and the vision falls,
And the sleeper wakes on his pillar of stone.

Heaven is not reached by a single bound,
But we build the ladder by which we rise
From the lowly earth to the vaulted skies,
And we mount to its summit round by round.

—J. G. HOLLAND.

Look Up, Not Down.

Life to some is full of sorrow—
Half is real, half they borrow;
Full of rocks and full of ledges,
Corners sharp, and cutting edges.
Though the joy-bells may be ringing,
Not a song you'll hear them singing;
Seeing never makes them wise,
Looking out from downcast eyes.

All in vain the sun is shining,
Waters sparkling, blossoms twining;
They but see through these same sorrows
Sad to-days and worse to-morrows.
See the clouds that must pass over;
See the weeds among the clover—
Everything and anything
But the gold the sunbeams bring.

Draining from the bitter fountain,
Lo! yon mole-hill seems a mountain;
Drops of dew and drops of rain
Swell into the mighty main.
All in vain the blessings shower,
And the mercies fall with power;
Gathering chaff, ye tread the wheat,
Rich and loyal, 'neath your feet.

Let it not be so, my neighbor;
Look up, as you love and labor,
Not for one alone woe's vials,
Every one has cares and trials.
Joy and pain are linked together,
Like the fair and cloudy weather;
May we have—O let us pray!—
Faith and patience for to-day.

What Time Is It?

What time is it?
Time to do well,
Time to live better;
Give up that grudge,
Answer that letter,

Speak that kind word to sweeten a sorrow,
Do that good deed you would leave till to-morrow

Time to try hard
In that new situation,
Time to build up, on
A solid foundation.

Giving up needlessly changing and drifting,
Leaving the quicksands that ever are shifting.

What time is it?
Time to be thrifty,
Farmers take warning;
Plow in the spring-time,
Sow in the morning;

Spring rain is coming, zephyrs are blowing,
Heaven will attend to the quickening and growing.

Time to count cost,
Lessen expenses,
Time to look well
To the gates and the fences.

Making and mending as good workers should;
Shutting out evil, and keeping the good.

What time is it?
Time to be earnest,
Laying up treasure;
Time to be thoughtful,
Choosing true pleasure;

oving stern justice, of truth being fond,
Making your word just as good as your bond.

Time to be happy,
 Doing your best,
 Time to be trustful,
 Leaving the rest,
 Knowing in whatever country or clime,
 Ne'er can we call back one minute of time.

Labor.

There's a never-dying chorus
 Breaking on the human ear,
 In the busy town before us
 Voices loud and deep, and clear.
 This is labor's endless ditty
 This is toil's prophetic voice,
 Sounding through the town and city,
 Bidding human hearts rejoice.

Sweeter than the poet's singing
 Is that anthem of the free;
 Blither is the anvil's ringing
 Than the song of bird or bee.
 There's a glory in the rattle
 Of the wheels 'mid factory gloom;
 Richer than e'er snatched from battle,
 Or the trophies of the loom.

See the skillful mason raising
 Gracefully, yon towering pile;
 Round the forge and furnace blazing,
 Stand the noble men of toil.
 They are heroes of the people,
 Who the wealth of nations raise;
 Every dome and spire, and steeple
 Raise their heads in labor's praise.

Glorious men of truth and labor,
 Shepherds of the human fold,
 That shall lay the brand and saber
 With the barbarous things of old.

Priests and prophets of creation,
Bloodless heroes in the fight,
Toilers for the world's salvation,
Messengers of peace and light.

Speed the plough and speed the harrow;
Peace and plenty send abroad;
Better far the spade and barrow
Than the cannon or the sword,
Each invention, each improvement,
Renders weak oppression's rod;
Every sign and every movement
Brings us nearer truth and God.



Days that are Gone.

The days when the rod held unlimited sway
Have passed from the school-room forever away;
And scholars no longer, because of offenses,
Are ferruled or beaten half out of their senses.

Then teachers were monarchs who cared not a straw
For anything else save their own rigid law;
And he who dared ruffle the teacher's displeasure
Received his reward, and in good honest measure.

For the teacher who whipped the most boys in a day
Was always the one who received the best pay;
'Twas a theory, then, which seemed settled forever,
That "lickin' and larnin'" must needs go together.

Of course, though, all teachers were not so hardhearted,
And many there were were, who from such rules departed,
A whispering lad had to stand 'gainst the door,
Or was tied hands and feet and laid flat on the floor.

Poor Johnnie and Tommy, with mischief awake,
Must sit on a bench and their pleasure forsake,
Sit and stare at their books until nearly demented
With wishing that such things had not been invented.

Pestalozzi at last, from his own skillful mind,
 Those principles fashioned which now we may find,
 Underlying our system of school education,
 Which the world justly honors with glad acceptance.

And thus has arisen an era more grand,
 Than ever before had dawned on our land,
 For now we all think it decided forever
 That "lickin' and larnin'" should not go together.

—A. W. CURTIS.



Better Late Than Never.

Life, is a race, where some succeed,
 While others are beginning;
 'Tis luck at times, at other's speed,
 That gives an early winning,
 But if you chance to fall behind,
 Ne'er slacken you endeavor,
 But keep this wholesome truth in mind—
 'Tis better late than never.

If you can keep ahead 'tis well,
 But never trip your neighbor;
 'Tis noble when you can excel
 By honest, patient labor,
 But if you are outstripped at last,
 Press on as bold as ever;
 Remember, though you are surpassed,
 'Tis better late than never.

Ne'er labor for an idle boast
 Of victory o'er another;
 But while you strive your uttermost,
 Deal fairly with a brother.
 Whate'er your station, do your best,
 And hold your purpose ever
 And if you fail to beat the rest,
 'Tis better late than never.

Choose well the path in which you run—
 Succeed by noble daring;
 Then, though the last, when once 'tis won,
 Your crown is worth the wearing;
 Then never fret if left behind,
 Nor slacken your endeavor;
 But ever keep this truth in mind,
 'Tis better late than never.



The Ideal Girl.

A common-place young girl
 A decidedly rare young girl;
 Stay at home night,
 Do what is right,
 Help-her-old-mother young girl.

A hard-to-find young girl;
 A reader-of-fact young girl;
 An extra-poetical,
 Anti-æsthetical,
 Care-nothing-for-novels young girl.

A minus-her-bangs young girl;
 A show-all-her-brains young girl;
 With an unpowdered face,
 One that don't lace,
 A dress-for-her-health young girl.

An up-in-the-morning young girl;
 A help-with-the-wash young girl;
 One that can rub,
 Not afraid of the tub,
 A roll-up-her-sleeves young girl.

A quiet and modest young girl;
 A sweet and pure young girl;
 An upright, ambitious,
 Lovely, delicious,
 A pride-of-the-home young girl.

A remarkably scarce young girl;
 A very much wanted young girl;
 A truly-American,
 Too-utter paragon,
 The kind-that-I-like young girl.

—*Independent.*

Is It Worth While?

Is it worth while that we jostle a brother,
 Bearing his load on the rough load of life?
 Is it worth while that we jeer at each other
 In blackness of heart?—that we war to the knife?
 God pity us all in our pitiful strife.

God pity us all as we jostle each other;
 God pardon us all for the triumphs we feel
 When a fellow goes down 'neath his load on the heather,
 Pierced to the heart—words are keener than steel,
 And mightier far for woe or for weal.

Were it not well in this brief little journey
 On over the isthmus, down into the tide,
 We give him a fish instead of a serpent,
 Ere folding the hands to be and abide
 Forever and aye in dust at his side?

Look at the roses saluting each other;
 Look at the herds all in peace on the plain:
 Man, and man only, makes war on his brother,
 And laughs in his heart at his peril and pain,
 Shamed by the beasts that go down on the plain.

Is it worth while that we battle to humble
 Some poor fellow soldier down into the dust?
 God pity us all! Time shortly will tumble
 All of us together, like leaves in the dust,
 Humble indeed down into the dust.

—JOAQUIN MILLER.

The Round of Life.

Two children down by the shining strand,
 With eyes as blue as the summer sea,
 While the sinking sun fills all the land
 With the glow of a golden mystery;
 Laughing aloud at the sea-mew's cry,
 Gazing with joy on its snowy breast,
 Till the first star looks from the evening sky,
 And the amber bars stretch over the west.

A soft green dell by the breezy shore,
 A sailor lad and a maiden fair;
 Hand clasped in hand, while the tale of yore
 Is borne again on the listening air.
 For love is young, though love be old,
 And love alone the heart can fill;
 And the dear old tale that has been told
 In the days gone by is spoken still.

A trim-built home on a sheltered bay;
 A wife looking out on the glistening sea;
 A prayer for the loved one far away,
 And prattling imps 'neath the old roof-tree
 A lifted latch and a radiant face
 By the open door in the falling night;
 A welcome home and a warm embrace
 From the love of his youth and his children bright.

An aged man in an old arm-chair;
 A golden light from the western sky;
 His wife by his side, with her silvered hair,
 And the opened Book of God close by.
 Sweet on the bay the gloaming falls,
 And bright is the glow of the evening star;
 But dearer to them are the jasper walls
 And the golden streets of the Land afar.

An old church-yard on a green hillside,
 Two lying still in their peaceful rest;
 The fishermen's boats going out with the tide
 In the flowery glow of the amber west.
 Children's laughter and old men's sighs,
 The night that follows the morning clear,
 A rainbow bridging our darkened skies,
 Are the round of our lives from year to year!
 —Chambers' Journal.



The Joy of Doing Good.

A lonely woman sat in a room
 That was small, and cold, and bare,
 With no one to speak a kindly word,
 Nor her frugal meal to share,
 And read as she worked of the generous deeds
 That are done for the homeless poor;
 And she sighed as she laid the record down,
 "I have not to *do*, but *endure*."

The fog was filling the narrow street,
 And the gloom was everywhere;
 There was not a ray of cheerfulness,
 Not a merry sound in the air;
 And a little child 'neath the window stopped
 And began to quietly cry,
 With a weary hopelessness sad to see:
 "Why does not the child pass by?"

The woman tapped at the window-pane,
 And the child moved up to the door,
 And stood a little more sullenly
 And as cheerlessly as before;
 And the woman's eyes grew pitiful—
 "If I were rich," she said,
 "I would take from my store of treasure now
 And the child should be comforted."

She opened the door, and held the child:

“Why are you waiting so?”

“I’m too early at school, the door is shut;

When it opens I will go.”

“Have you had any breakfast, yet, my child?”

The pale face flushed as she said:

“My father has had no work to do,

And we are all wanting bread.”

Poor was the woman, and old, and cross;

But her face and her heart grew bright,

As she took the little one into her home,

And watched with a pure delight

How she ate the food, and drank, and was warm,

Then merrily ran away,

With a word of thanks and a look of love

That the woman felt all day.

And music mingled among the sounds

And a half-forgotten truth

Came nestling into the weary heart

With almost the joy of youth;

And the little deed brought a great reward,

And she whispered, “Can it be

That the gentle Lord is saying the word,

‘Thou has done it unto Me?’”

—MARIANNE FARNINGHAM.



Never Despair.

Heart of mine, be not despondent,

Greet with smiles what life doth bring;

Every flower by winter blasted

Blooms in beauty in the spring.

Lo! how many joys are left thee!

See, how fair life’s morning sky!

O my heart, whate’er befalls thee,

Greet, oh greet it joyfully!

—HEINE.

His Last Victory.

(Written of Gen. Grant, who struggled so long to overcome the disease of which he died.)

Soldier, rest, as soldiers may
When their warfare all is ended;
Final victory to-day
On thy banner has descended.

Not by blood and smoke and flame
With the cannon's doleful hunder,
But by calm endurance came
That which moves our love and wonder.

On th's painful, silent field
All alone we saw thee ever
Standing firm where others yield,
Brave unto the last endeavor.

Soldier, thy heroic strife
Thus has added, still is giving,
Something more to human life.
To the dignity of living.

Peace may now pervade thy breast,
Pain and anxious thought are ended;
Lay thy weary head to rest
In the land thy arm defended.

Sleep the sleep at last that comes
Unto all with little warning,
Till thou hear the rolling drums
Beat the *reveille* at morning.

Stars above and men be'ow
Will the faithful watch be keeping,
While the breezes come and go
Round the tent where thou art sleeping.

—SAMUEL V. COLE.

The Teacher's Tale.

A frosty chill was in the air—
How plainly I remember—
The bright autumnal fires had paled,
Save here and there an ember;
The sky looked hard, the hills were bare,
And there were tokens everywhere
That it had come—November.

I locked the time-worn school-house door,
The village seat of learning,
Across the smooth, well-trodden path
My homeward footsteps turning;
My heart a troubled question bore,
And in my mind, as oft before,
A vexing thought was burning.

"Why is it up-hill all the way?"
Thus ran my meditations;
The lessons had gone wrong that day,
And I had lost my patience.
"Is there no way to soften care,
And make it easier to bear
Life's sorrows and vexations?"

Across my pathway, through the wood,
A fallen tree was lying;
On this there sat two little girls,
And one of them was crying.
I heard her sob: "And if I could,
I'd get my lessons awful good;
But what's the use of trying?"

And then the little hooded head
Sank on the other's shoulder,
The little weeper sought the arms
That opened to enfold her.
Against the young heart kind and true,
She nestled close, and neither knew
That I was a beholder.

And then I heard—ah! ne'er was known
 Such judgment without malice,
 Nor queenlier counsel ever heard
 In senate-house or palace!—
 "I should have failed there, I am sure.
 Don't be discouraged, try once more;
 And *I will help you*, Alice."

"And *I will help you*." This is how
 To soften care and grieving;
 Life is made easier to bear
 By helping and by giving.
 Here was the answer I had sought,
 And I, the teacher, being taught
 The secret of true living.

If "*I will help you*" were the rule,
 How changed beyond all measure
 Life would become! Each heavy load
 Would be a golden treasure;
 Pain and vexation be forgot;
 Hope would prevail in every lot,
 And life be only pleasure.

—WOLSTAN DIXEY.



A Good Deed.

A little spring had lost its way
 Amid the grass and fern;
 A passing stranger scooped a well,
 Where weary men might turn;
 He walled it in, and hung with care
 A ladle at the brink;
 He thought not of the deed he did,
 But judged that toil might drink.
 He passed again, and lo! the well,
 By summer never dried,
 Has cooled ten thousand parched tongues,
 And saved a life beside.

—CHARLES MACKAY.

A Merry Maiden Maying.

Merry maiden, shy and sweet,
 Tell me whither pray?
 On what errand are you bent?
 On what quest are you intent?
 Whither stray your flitting feet,
 O'er what winsome way?

"Truly I but go a-Maying;
 Through the woody dells a-straying,
 Wandering where the sunlight glances
 Through the leaves, and coyly dances
 On the pathway; upward peeping,
 Wakened from their winter sleeping,
 By the south wind's warm caresses
 Are the flowers, in fair spring dresses."

Merry maiden, quaint and neat,
 Find you by the way,
 Dandelions quite content,
 Buttercups, so innocent,
 Smiling forth their welcome sweet
 To the merry May?

"Truly, I but find in meeting
 Every flower-face a greeting;
 Fair spring beauties dot the meadow;
 Hidden half in friendly shadow
 Blooms wake-robin, harebells ringing
 In the breeze are gently swinging:
 Purple violets and daisies
 Nestle under leafy mazes."

Merry maiden, shy and sweet,
 Tell me what they say—
 Blossoms rare and redolent,
 How their happy hours are spent;
 What the whispers they repeat
 All the sunny day.

"O, I fancy each is telling
 How with joy his heart is swelling
 As the sunny spring advances;
 Maybells whisper loving fancies;
 Rosy Columbine is sighing;
 To each whispering breeze replying,
 Windflowers lift fair listening faces
 From soft, sheltered, mossy places.

"'Welcome, Maytime!' they are singing,
 'To us life and beauty bringing;
 All your warm winds, winging o'er us,
 Louder swell our grateful chorus,
 When beneath your sunny spell
 Joy and gladness with us dwell.'"

—M. T. ROUSE.



Gems of Gold.

Ah, yes, another year, another year,
 I'll set my life in richer, stronger soil.
 And prune the weeds away that creep too near,
 And watch and tend with never-ceasing toil—
 Another year, ah, yes, another year.

—NORA PERRY.

No present is so barren but that there are fertile fields beyond.—REV. C. L. GUILD.

No man can safely go abroad that does not love to stay at home; no man can safely speak that does not willingly hold his tongue; no man can safely command that has not truly learned to obey.—KEMPIS.

In truth, the prison unto which we doom
 Ourselves, no prison is.—WORDSWORTH.

Sweet is the pleasure
 Itself cannot spoil,
 Is not true leisure

One with true toil?—J. S. DWIGHT.

Everything animate has a mind measured by its wants.

—WALLACE.

Where do You Live?

I knew a man, his name was Horner,
Who used to live on Grumble Corner;
Grumble Corner in Cross-Patch Town,
And he never was seen without a frown.
He grumbled at this; he grumbled at that;
He growled at the dog; he growled at the cat;
He grumbled at morning; he grumbled at night;
And to grumble and growl was his chief delight.

He grumbled so much at his wife that she
Began to grumble as well as he;
And all the children, wherever they went,
Reflected their parents' discontent.
If the sky was dark and betokened rain,
Then Mr. Horner was sure to complain;
And if there was not a cloud about,
He'd grumble because of a threatened drought.

His meals were never to suit his taste;
He grumbled at having to eat in haste;
The bread was poor or the meat was tough,
Or else he hadn't had half enough.
No matter how hard his wife might try
To please her husband, with scornful eye
He'd look around, and then, with a scowl
At something or other begin to growl.

One day, as I loitered along the street,
My old acquaintance I chanced to meet,
Whose face was without the look of care
And the ugly frown that he used to wear.
"I may be mistaken, perhaps," I said,
As, after saluting, I turned my head,
"But it is, and it isn't, Mr. Horner,
Who lived so long on Grumble Corner!"

I met him next day; and I met him again,
In melting weather, in pouring rain,
When stocks were up and when stocks were down,
But a smile somehow had replaced the frown.

It puzzled me much; and so, one day,
 I seized his hand in a friendly way,
 And said: "Mr. Horner, I'd like to know
 What can have happened to change you so?"

He laughed a laugh that was good to hear,
 For it told of a conscience calm and clear,
 And he said, with none of the old-time drawl:
 "Why I changed my residence, that is all."
 "Changed your residence?" "Yes;" said Horner,
 "It wasn't healthy on Grumble Corner,
 And so I moved: 'twas a change complete;
 And you'll find me now on THANKSGIVING STREET!"



The Nantucket Skipper.

Many a long, long year ago,
 Nantucket skippers had a plan
 Of finding out, through "lying low,"
 How near New York their schooners ran

They greased the lead before it fell,
 And then by sounding through the night,
 Knowing the soil that stuck so well.
 They always guessed their reckoning right.

A skipper gray, whose eyes were dim,
 Could tell, by tasting, just the spot,
 And so below he'd "douse the glim."—
 After, of course, his "something hot."

Snug in his berth, at eight o'clock,
 This ancient skipper might be found;
 No matter how his craft would rock,
 He slept,—for skippers' naps are sound.

The watch on deck would now and then
 Run down and wake him, with the lead,
 He'd up and taste, and tell the men
 How many miles they went ahead.

One night, 'twas Jotham Marden's watch,
A curious wag,—the pedlar's son;
And so he mused, (the wanton wretch!)
"To-night I'll have a grain of fun.

"We're all a set of stupid fools.
To think the skipper knows, by tasting,
What ground he's on: Nantucket schools
Don't teach such stuff, with all their basting!"

And so he took the well-greased lead,
And rubbed it o'er a box of earth
That stood on deck.—a parsnip-bed,—
And then he sought the skipper's berth.

"Where are we now, sir? Please to taste."
The skipper yawned, put out his tongue,
Opened his eyes in wondrous haste,
And then upon the floor he sprung!

The skipper stormed, and tore his hair,
Thrust on his boots, and roared to Marden,
"Nantucket's sunk, and here we are
Right over old Marm Hackett's garden!"

—JAMES T. FIELDS.

落 落 落

The Common Lot.

Because you flourish in wordly affairs,
Don't be haughty and put on airs,
With insolent pride of station!
Don't be proud and turn up your nose
At poorer people in plainer clothes;
But learn for the sake of your soul's repose,
That wealth's a bubble that comes and goes!
And that all proud flesh, wherever it grows,
Is subject to irritation. —JOHN G. SAXE.

The Water-mill.

Oh! listen to the water-mill. through all the live-long day,
 As the clicking of the wheels wears hour by hour away.
 How languidly the autumn wind doth stir the wither'd leaves,
 As on the fields the reapers sing, while binding up the sheaves
 A solemn proverb strikes my mind, and oh! a spell is cast!
 "The mill will never grind again with water that is past."

The summer winds revive no more, leaves strewn o'er earth
 and main;

The sickle never more will reap the yellow garnered grain;
 The rippling stream flows ever on, aye, tranquil, deep, and
 still,

But never glideth back again to busy water-mill.

The solemn proverb speaks to all. with meaning deep and
 vast,

"The mill will never grind again with water that is past."

Oh! clasp the proverb to thy soul, dear loving heart and
 true,

For golden years are fleeting by, and youth is passing, too;
 Ah! learn to make the most of life, nor lose one happy day,
 For time will ne'er return sweet joys neglected, thrown away;
 Nor leave one tender word unsaid, thy kindness sow broad-
 cast—

"The mill will never grind again with water that is past."

Oh! the wasted hours of life that have swiftly drifted by,
 Alas! the good we might have done, all gone without a sigh;
 Love that we might once have saved by a single kindly
 word

Thoughts conceived but ne'er expressed, perishing unpenned,
 unheard.

Oh! take the lesson to thy soul, forever clasp it fast—

"The mill will never grind again with water that is past."



Look for the Best.

Look for goodness, look for gladness,

You will meet them all the while;

If you bring a smiling visage

To the glass, you meet a smile.—ALICE CARY.

Tacking Ship off Shore.

The weather leech of the topsail shivers,
The bowlines strain and the lee shrouds slacken,
The braces are taut, the lithe boom quivers,
And the waves with the coming squall-cloud blacken.

Open one point on the weather-bow
Is the light-house tall on Fire Island head;
There's a shade of doubt on the captain's brow,
And the pilot watches the heaving lead.

I stand at the wheel and with eager eye,
To sea, and sky, and to shore I gaze,
Till the muttered order of "FULL AND BY!"
Is suddenly changed to "FULL FOR STAYS!"

The ship bends lower before the breeze,
As her broadside fair to the blast she lays;
As she swifter springs to the rising seas,
As the pilot calls, "STAND BY FOR STAYS!"

It is silence all, as each in his place,
With the gathered coil in his hardened hands,
By tack and bowline, by sheet and brace,
Waiting the watchword impatient stands.

And the light on Fire Island head draws near,
As trumpet-winged, the pilot's shout
From his post on the bowsprit's heel I hear,
With the welcome sound of "READY! ABOUT!"

No time to spare, it is touch and go,
And the captain growls, "DOWN HELM! HARD DOWN!"
As my weight on the whirling spokes I throw,
While heaven grows black with storm-clouds' frown.

High o'er the knight-heads flies the spray,
As we meet the shock of the plunging sea;
And my shoulder stiff to the wheel I lay,
As I answer, "AYE, AYE, SIR! H-A-R-D-A-L-E-E!"

With the swerving leap of the startled steed,
 The ship flies fast in the eye of the wind,
 The dangerous shoals on the lee recede,
 And the headlands white we have left behind.

The topsails flutter, the jibs collapse
 And belly and tug at the groaning cleats,
 The spanker slats, and the mainsail flaps,
 As thunders the order, "TACKS AND SHEETS!"

'Mid the rattle of blocks and the tramp of the crew,
 Hisses the rain of the rushing squall;
 The sails are aback from clew to clew,
 And now is the moment for "MAINSAIL, HAUL!"

As the heavy yards like a baby's toy
 By fifty strong arms are swiftly swung,
 She holds her way, and I look with joy
 For the first white spray o'er the bulwarks flung.

"LET GO AND HAUL!" 'Tis the last command,
 And the head sails fill to the blast once more,
 Astern and to leeward lies the land,
 With its breakers wild on the shingly shore.

What matters the reef, or the rain, or the squall?
 I steady the helm for the open sea;
 The first mate clamors, "BELAY THERE ALL!"
 And the captain's breath once more comes free.

And so off shore let the good ship fly;
 Little care I how the gusts may blow,
 In my fo'castle bunk is a jacket dry,
 Eight bells have struck and my watch is below.



Golden Mottoes.

He has but one great fear that fears to do wrong.

—C. N. BOVEE.

Dost thou love life? Then do not squander time, for that
 is the stuff life is made of.—FRANKLIN.

The Weight of a Word.

Have you ever thought of the weight of a word
That falls in the heart like the song of a bird,
That gladdens the springtime of memory and youth
And garlands with cedar the banner of Truth,
That moistens the harvesting spot of the brain
Like dewdrops that fall on a meadow of grain,
Or that shrivels the germ and destroys the fruit
And lies like a worm at the lifeless root?

Words! words! They are little, yet mighty and brave;
They rescue a nation, an empire save—
They close up the gaps in a fresh bleeding heart
That sickness and sorrow have severed apart.
They fall on the path, like a ray of the sun,
Where the shadows of death lay so heavy upon;
They lighten the earth over our blessed dead.
A word that will comfort, oh! leave not unsaid.



The Flowers' Knowledge.

They know the time to go!
The fairy clocks strike their inaudible hour
In field and woodland, and each punctual flower
Bows at the signal an obedient head
And hastes to bed.

The pale Anemone
Glides on her way with scarcely a good night;
The violets tie their purple night caps tight;
Hand clasped in hand, the dancing Columbines,
In blithesome lines,

Drop their last courtesies,
Flit from the scene, and couch them for their rest;
The Meadow Lily folds her scarlet vest
And hides it 'neath the grasses' lengthening green:
Fair and serene,

Her sister Lily floats
 On the blue pond and raises golden eyes
 To court the golden splendor of the skies,—
 The sudden signal comes and down she goes
 To find repose

In the cool depths below.
 A little later, and the Asters blue
 Depart in clouds, a brave and cheery crew;
 While Golden-rod, still wide awake and gay,
 Turns him away,

Furls his bright parasol,
 And, like a little hero, meets his fate.
 The Gentians, very proud to sit up late,
 Next follow. Every fern is tucked and set
 'Neath coverlet,

Downy and soft and warm.
 No little seeding voice is heard to grieve
 Or make complaints the folding woods beneath;
 No lingerer dares to stay, for well she knows
 The time to go.

Teach us your patience, brave,
 Dear flowers, till we shall dare to part like you,
 Willing God's will, sure that his clock strikes true,
 That his sweet day augurs a sweeter morrow
 With smiles, not sorrow.

—SUSAN COOLIDGE.



Who to Fear.

My son, be this thy simple plan;
 Serve God and love thy brother man;
 Forget not in temptation's hour,
 That sin lends sorrow double power;
 Count life a stage upon thy way,
 And follow conscience, come what may;
 Alike with earth and heaven sincere,
 With hand and brow and bosom clear,
 "Fear God, and know no other fear!"

The Ship on Fire.

There was joy in the ship as she furrowed the foam,
For fond hearts within her were dreaming of home.
The young mother pressed fondly her babe to her breast,
And sang a sweet song as she rocked it to rest;
And the husband sat cheerily down by her side,
And looked with delight on the face of his bride.
"Oh, happy!" said he, "when our roaming is o'er
We'll dwell in a cottage that stands by the shore!
Already in fancy its roof I descry,
And the smoke of its hearth curling up to the sky;
Its garden so green, and its vine-covered wall,
And the kind friends awaiting to welcome us all."

Hark! hark! what was that? Hark!—hark to the shout,—
"Fire! fire!"—then a tramp, and a rush, and a rout,
And an uproar of voices arose in the air,
And the mother knelt down, and the half-spoken prayer
That she offered to God in her agony wild
Was, "Father, have mercy! look down on my child!"
She flew to her husband, she clung to his side;
Oh, there was her refuge, whatever betide!

Fire! fire! it is raging above and below;
And the smoke and hot cinders all blindingly blow.
The cheek of the sailor grew pale at the sight,
And his eyes glistened wild in the glare of the light.
The smoke in thick wreaths mounted higher and higher;
Oh, Heaven! it is fearful to perish by fire!
Alone with destruction,—alone on the sea!
Great Father of mercy, our hope is in thee!

They prayed for the light, and at noontide about,
The sun o'er the waters shone joyously out.
"A sail, ho! a sail!" cried the man on the lee;
"A sail!" and they turned their glad eyes o'er the sea.
"They see us! they see us! the signal is waved!
They bear down upon us,—thank God! we are saved!"

—C. MACKAY.

“Saving Mother.”

The farmer sat in his easy chair,
Between the fire and the lamplight's glare;
His face was ruddy and full and fair;
His three small boys in the chimney nook
Conned the lines of a picture-book;

His wife, the pride of his home and heart,
Baked the biscuits and made the tarts,
Laid the table and steeped the tea,
Deftly, swiftly, silently.

Tired and weary, and worn and faint,
She bore her trials without complaint;
Like many another household saint—
Content, all selfish bliss above,
In the patient ministry of love.

At last between the clouds of smoke
That wreathed his lips, the husband spoke:
“There's taxes to raise an' interest to pay,
And if there should come a rainy day,
'Twould be mighty handy, I'm bound to say,
T' have somethin' put by. For folks must die,
An' there's funeral bills, an' gravestuns to buy,
Enough to swamp a man, purty nigh;
Besides, there's Edward and Dick and Joe
To be provided for when we go.

“So 'f I was you, I'll tell you what I'd do:
I'd be savin' of wood as ever I could,—
Extra fire don't do any good,—
I'd be savin' of soap, and savin' of ile,
And run up some candles once in a while;
I'd be rather sparin' of coffee an' tea,
For sugar is high,
And all to buy,
And cider is good enough for me.

"I'd be kind o' careful about my clo'es,
And look out sharp how the money goes—
Gewgaws is useless, natur' knows;
Extra trimmin'
'S the bane of women.

"I'd sell the best of the cheese and honey,
And eggs is as good nigh about's the money,
And as to the carpet you wanted new
I guess we can make the old orte do;
And as for the washer and sewing machine,
Them smoothed-tongued agents 's so pesky mean,
You'd better get rid of them slick and clean.
What do they know about women's work?
Do they calkilate women were made to shirk?"

Dick and Edward and little Joe
Sat in a corner in a row.
They saw the patient mother go
On ceaseless errands to and fro;
They saw that her form was bent and thin,
Her temples gray, her cheeks sunk in;
They saw the quiver of lip and chin—
And then with a warmth he could not smother,
Outspoke the youngest and frailest brother:
"You talk of savin' wood and ile,
An' tea and sugar all the while,
But you never talk of savin' mother!"



Pure Gold.

A thing of beauty is a joy forever:
Its loveliness increases; It will never
Pass into nothingness.

—J. KEATS.

We live in deeds, not years; in thoughts, not breaths;
In feelings, not in figures on a dial.
We should count time by heart-throbs. He most lives
Who thinks most, feels the noblest, acts the best.

—PHILIP JAMES BAILEY.

The Christmas Star.

It was a sad December night,
Within my little room,
Around my candle's dwindling light,
All thicker seemed the gloom.

My heart was lonely for a word,
A smile, a cordial hand—
Love's tokens, all unseen, unheard;
Strange, in a stranger's land.

Through the cold glinting pane, my glance
Fell on the window-stone,
Where a white, night-driven dove, by chance—
Fluttering and lost—had flown.

I raised the sash and took her in
Out of the homeless night;
The frosty air was on her wing,
And her poor heart beat with fright.

I soothed her fears with gentle tone,
And, so her heart might live,
I warmed her breast against my own—
'Twas all I had to give.

Closely she nestled in my arms,
And drooped her head and slept,
Sheltered from all those wild alarms,
While I the vigil kept.

Night sped; I watched; and lo! a star
Gleamed distantly in view.
Its first faint radiance, seen afar.
Grew strong—and stronger grew.

And as I saw its kindling flame
Burn brighter and increase.
Deep in my gloomy spirit came
A wondrous light of peace.

I know not if another eye
Beheld that blessed sign;
I know it glistened in *my* sky,
With a new ray benign.

I know it was the Star divine
That rose on Galilee,
Sent through these thousand years to shine
And bring its hope to me.

It swiftly widened through the sky;
It glorified the night,
Until the splendor, blazing high,
Burst into morning light.

It filled my room; the illumined tide
Transforming everything.
My house shone in resplendent pride—
The palace of a king.

—WOLSTAN DIXEY.



To a Waterfowl.

Whither, midst falling dew,
While glow the heavens with the last steps of day,
Far, through their rosy depths, dost thou pursue
Thy solitary way?

Vainly the fowler's eye
Might mark thy distant flight to do thee wrong,
As, darkly painted on the crimson sky,
Thy figure floats along.

Seek'st thou the plashy brink
Of weedy lake, or marge of river wide,
Or where the rocking billows rise and sink
On the chafed ocean-side?

There is a Power whose care
Teaches thy way along that pathless coast—
The desert and illimitable air—
Lone wandering, but not lost.

All day thy wings have fanned,
At that far height, the cold, thin atmosphere,
Yet stoop not, weary, to the welcome land,
Though the dark night is near.

And soon that toil shall end;
Soon shalt thou find a summer home, and rest,
And scream among thy fellows; needs shall bend,
Soon, o'er thy sheltered nest.

Thou'rt gone, the abyss of heaven
Hath swallowed up thy form; yet, on my heart
Deeply has sunk the lesson thou hast given,
And shall not soon depart.

NOTE.—See Parke Godwin's "Biography of William Cullen Bryant," Vol. II., pp. 188, 189.



Witch-hazel.

The summer warmth has left the sky,
The summer songs have died away;
And, withered, in the footpaths lie
The fallen leaves, but yesterday
With ruby and with topaz gay.

The grass is browning on the hills;
No pale, belated flowers recall
The astral fingers of the rills,
And drearily the dead vines fall,
Frost-blackened from the roadside wall.

Yet, through the gray and somber wood,
Against the dusk of fir and pine,
Last of their floral sisterhood,
The hazel's yellow blossoms shine,
The tawny gold of Afric's mine!

Maximus.

I hold him great who for love's sake
Can give with generous, earnest will;
Yet he who takes for love's sweet sake
I think I hold more generous still.

I bow before the noble mind
That freely some great wrong forgives;
Yet nobler is the one forgiven
Who bears that burden well and lives.

It may be hard to gain, and still
To keep a lowly, steadfast heart;
Yet he who loses has to fill
A harder and a truer part.

Glorious it is to wear the crown
Of a deserved and pure success;
He who knows how to fail has won
A crown whose luster is not less.

Great may he be who can command
And rule with just and tender sway;
Yet is diviner wisdom taught
Better by him who can obey.

Blessed are they who die for God
And earn the martyr's crown of light;
Yet he who lives for God may be
A greater conqueror in His sight.

—ADELAIDE PROCTER



Golden Mottoes.

We should blush to think a falsehood; it is the crime of cowards.—SAMUEL JOHNSON.

He that is good at making excuses is seldom good at anything else.—FRANKLIN.

Then and Now.

FIRST SPEAKER.

When this old hat was new,
The railroad was a stage,
And a six-mule team made plenty of steam
For the broadest kind of gauge.

You caught a goose when you wanted a pen;
The ink we used was blue;
And the women you loved didn't want to be men.
When this old hat was new.

A spade was only a spade,
And Jennie was just plain "Jane;"
For his impudent lip, a boy would skip
At the end of a rattan cane.

There were sixteen ounces in every pound,
Four quarts made a gallon true;
But things don't seem as they used to be
When this old hat was new.

SECOND SPEAKER.

Hats different quite have come since then,
And we're running a faster heat,
And the boys of ten are full-blown men,
Who run the store and street.

The girls wear corsets smart and neat,
We have "shortages" and all that;
Quick trolley cars, electric lights
And so of course, a different hat.

"We blush to giggle," and we "should smile;"
And we're "cute," and we "never say die;"
We're "up to snuff," and we're "full of guile,"
And we're just "too awfully fly;"

And father is "Governor," "Old man," "Dad,"
And his old day is gone;
We run things fast, and a little bad,
Since we put this new hat on.

—ROBERT J. BURDETTE.

(This may be recited by two speakers; the first should be dressed as an old man, with spectacles and white wig, and holding in his hand an old-fashioned hat. The second speaker should have a new stylish hat. Each takes off his hat and talks to it and the audience.)



The Slave's Dream.

Beside the ungathered rice he lay,
His sickle in his hand;
His breast was bare, his matted hair
Was buried in the sand.
Again, in the mist and shadow of sleep,
He saw his Native Land.

Wide through the landscape of his dreams
The lordly Niger flowed;
Beneath the palm-trees on the plains
Once more a King he strode;
And heard the tinkling caravans
Descend the mountain-road.

He saw once more his dark-eyed Queen
Among her children stand;
They clasped his neck, they kissed his cheeks,
They held him by the hand!
A tear burst from the sleeper's lids
And fell into the sand.

And then at furious speed he rode
Along the Niger's bank;
His bridle-reins were goldens chains,
And with a martial clank,
At each leap he could feel his scabbard of steel
Smiting his courser's flank.

Before him, like a blood-red flag,
 The bright flamingoes flew;
 From morn till night he followed their flight,
 O'er plains were the tamarind grew,
 Till he saw the roofs of Caffre huts,
 And the Ocean rise to view.

At night he heard the lion roar,
 And the hyena scream,
 And the river-horse as he crushed the reeds
 Beside some hidden stream;
 And it passed, like some glorious roll of drums,
 Through the triumph of his dream.

The forests, with their myriad tongues
 Shouted of liberty;
 And the Blast of the Desert cried aloud,
 With a voice so wild and free.
 That he started in his sleep and smiled
 At their tempestuous glee.

He did not feel the driver's whip,
 Nor the burning heat of day:
 For Death had illumined the Land of Sleep,
 And his lifeless body lay
 A worn-out fetter, that the soul
 Had broken and thrown away!

—H. W. LONGFELLOW.



Warren's Address.

Fear ye foes who kill for hire?
 Will ye to your homes retire?
 Look behind you—they're afire;
 And before you, see
 Who have done it! From the vale
 On they come, and will ye quail?
 Leaden rain and iron hail
 Let their welcome be!

—REV. JOHN PIERPONT.

The Well-digger.

Come, listen all, while I relate
What recently befell
Unto a farmer down in Maine
While digging of a well.

Full many a yard he dug and delved,
And still he dug in vain:
"Alack!" quoth he, "e'en water seems
Prohibited in Maine!"

And still he dug and delved away.
And still the well was dry;
The only water to be found
Was in the farmer's eye.

For, by the breaking of the bank
That tumbled from the station,
All suddenly his hopes were dashed
Of future liquidation.

And now his sands were running fast,
And he had died, no doubt—
But that just when the earth caved in
He happened to be out!

"Ah, ah! I have a happy thought!"
Exclaimed this wicked man:
"To dig away this cursed well,
I see a pretty plan.

"I'll hide me straight; and when my wife
And eke the neighbors know
What's happened to the digging here,
They'll think that I'm below.

"And so to save my precious life,
They'll dig the well, no doubt,
E'en deeper than it was at first,
Before they find me out!"

And so he hid him in the barn
Through all the hungry day,
To bide the digging of his well
In this deceitful way.

But list what grief and shame befell
The false, ungrateful man,
The while he slyly watched to see
The working of his plan.

The neighbors all, with one accord,
Unto each other said,
"With such a weight of earth above,
The man is surely dead!"

And the wife, with pious care,
All needless cost to save,
Said, "Since the Lord has willed it,
E'en let it be his grave!"

—JOHN G. SAXE.



John Lothrop Motley.

Sleep, Motley! with the great of ancient days,
Who wrote for all the years that yet shall be;
Sleep with Herodotus, whose name and praise
Have reached the isles of earth's remotest sea;
Sleep, while, defiant of the slow decays
Of time, thy glorious writings speak for thee,
And in the answering heart of millions raise
The generous zeal of Right and Liberty.
And should the day o'ertake us when, at last,
The silence that, ere yet a human pen
Had traced the slenderest record of the past,
Hushed the primeval languages of men,
Upon our English tongue its spell shall cast,
Thy memory shall perish only then.

The Policeman's Story.

I am a policeman, 12,004;
 Been on the force for years a score.
 Lots of stories I have to tell,
 Queer, and terrible, funny, and well—
 I'll stop to tell you a little thing
 That happened a year ago last spring.

Weary, but watchful, I paced my beat,
 Up and down thro' a well known street,
 When, a block away, I saw a throng,
 And hasten'd to see what was wrong.
 There I found a wee, wee girl,
 Dainty and pretty, fair hair in curl,

Weeping, her hands in air she toss'd,
 Crying, "Oh, mamma, oh, papa, I's lost!"
 One moment she wept, another she smiled,
 And I thought of my own pet darling child
 At home safe and in her mother's arms;
 So I tried to quiet this one's alarms;

At first her sunny head I caressed,
 Then lifting her up she leaned on my breast,
 And I carried her, sobbing, sweet little fay,
 To the Station house, only two blocks away.

Captain Caffry was then in command;
 He took the lost baby-girl by the hand,
 And, setting her up on the desk by his side,
 Pleasantly talked till no longer she cried,
 But dried up her tears, and soon, smiling and gay,
 Was earnestly lisping and prattling away;

And told of her beautiful mamma, her joys,
 Her big bearded papa, her home and her toys;
 How she heard a wandering German band play
 And, listening, followed them on their way;
 Stopp'd when 'hev stopp'd, and crossed when they crossed,
 Grew tired, cried for home, and then found she was lost.

The door of the station house open'd just then,
Admitting a "drunk" between two of our men;
Not dirty and ragged and spoiling for a fight,
But what you might term "respectably tight."

Led up to the desk he just lifted his eyes,
Started back, nearly fell, with a cry of surprise,
Of terror, of shame: "My Gracie! Can it be?"
The instant had made him as sober as she.
"My papa! Dear papa!" They kissed and caressed,
Both weeping, as she nestled close to his breast.

"Quite a scene!" said the captain, his face in a glow;
"I think you've been punished enough. You may go!"
The father bowed low—the little one smiled—
And he passed through the door in the care of his child.
Do you know that I feel that I made a great vow,
Just then against liquor, and 'tis unbroken now.



The Little Grave.

"It's only a little grave," they said,
"Only just a child that's dead!"
And so they carelessly turned away
From the mound the spade had made that day
Ah! they did not know how deep a shade
That little grave in one home had made.

True, the coffin was narrow and small,
One yard would have served for an ample pall;
And one man in his arms could have borne away
The rosewood and its freight of clay.
But what darling hopes were hid
Beneath that little coffin-lid.

A weeping mother stood that day
With folded hands by that form of clay;
And painful, burning tears were hid
'Neath the drooping lash and aching lid;
And her lip, and cheek, and brow
Were almost as white as her baby's now.

And then some things were put away,
The crimson frock, and wrappings gay;
The little sock, and the half-worn shoe,
The cap with its plume and tassels blue;
And an empty crib stands with covers spread
As white as the face of the sinless dead.

'Tis a little grave, but oh! what care!
What world-wide hopes are buried there!
And ye, perhaps, in coming years,
May see, like her, through blinding tears,
How much of light, how much of joy,
Is buried up with an only boy!



The Old School-house.

I wandered alone down yonder lane,
Where once "with the boys" I ran in play,
But to-day I leaned heavily on my cane,
And noticed each change with a sense of pain.
By the road-side the grass was not worn away;
Undisturbed, all in place, on the wall lay each stone.
While ferns and flowers grew rank in the wood,
And the now vacant plot to tall grass was grown,
In the place where the old school-house stood.

I seated myself on that large corner-stone
Of the level field, the one on the right;
And I thought of the boys now to manhood grown,
Who had played with me there e'er care was known.
Ere our trust in the world took its flight
A few gray-haired men came to my mind,
Who stood like myself as old trees in a wood,
Who might wander as I, some day to find
The place where the old school-house stood.

We, who played around this now lone plot,
Have since played in life a far different game;
But down in our hearts we ne'er once forgot
The scenes that cluster around this spot,
'Mid all life's changes they seem the same.

Many who played here have long been at rest,
 Some going while earth seemed yet to them good;
 In my musing I saw them I, young with the rest,
 As I sat where the old school-house stood.

I thought of the teachers who had tried to make
 Us careless boys into wise useful men,
 O, the trouble, I remembered that some did take
 A love for the right in our young minds to wake,
 Thinking that love would ne'er leave us again;
 They have met, some of us, in that home above,
 Where this puzzling life is all understood,
 And I thought of them all with a reverent love
 As I sat where the old school-house stood.

All took different paths when we parted here,
 Alas! some of us were never again to meet;
 Some paths proved short—the end so near,
 And some were pleasant and some so drear.
 Each had strange mingling of bitter and sweet;
 Then I heard a sound, it was like a wail,
 But only a cool breeze came from the wood,
 And it waved the grass like a mourner's veil,
 O'er the place where the old school-house stood



Four Classes of Men.

According to the Arabs there are four different kinds of men.

1. He who knows not, and knows not he knows not. He is a fool; shun him.
2. He who knows not and knows he knows not. He is simple; teach him.
3. He who knows, and knows not he knows. He is asleep; wake him.
4. He who knows, and knows he knows. He is wise; follow him.

The Light-house.

High o'er the black-backed Skerries, and far
To the westward hills and the eastward sea,
I shift my light like a twinkling star,
With ever a star's sweet constancy.
They wait for me when the night comes down,
And the slow sun falls in his death divine,
Then braving the black night's gathering frown,
With ruby and diamond blaze—I shine!

There is war at my feet where the black rocks break,
The thunderous snows of the rising sea;
There is peace above when the stars are awake,
Keeping their night-long watch with me.
I care not a jot for the roar of the surge,
The wrath is the sea's—the victory mine!
As over its breath to the furthest verge,
Unwavering and untried—I shine!

First on my brow comes the pearly night,
Dimming my lamp in the new-born day,
One long, last look to left and right,
And I rest from my toil—for the broad sea-way
Grows bright with the smile and blush of the sky
All incandescent and opaline.
I rest—but the loveliest day will die—
Again in its last wan shadows—I shine!

When the night is black, and the wind is loud
And danger is hidden, and peril abroad,
The seaman leaps on the swaying shroud;
His eye is on me, and his hope in God!
Alone, in the darkness, my blood-red eye
Meets his, and he hauls his groping line.
“A point to nor'ard!” I hear him cry,
He goes with a blessing, and still—I shine!

While standing alone in the summer sun
 Sometimes I have visions and dreams of my own,
 Of long-life voyages just begun,
 And rocks unnoticed, and shoals unknown;
 And I would that men and women would mark
 The duty done by this lamp of mine;
 For many a life is lost in the dark,
 And few on earth are the lights that shine!
—Good Words.



Opportunity.

In harvest time, when fields and woods
 Outdazzle sunset's glow,
 And scythes clang music through the land,
 It is too late to sow.
 Too late! too late!
 It is too late to sow.

In wintry days, when weary earth
 Lies cold in pulseless sleep,
 With not a blossom on her shroud,
 It is too late to reap.
 Too late! too late!
 It is too late to reap.

When blue violets are astir,
 And new-born grasses creep,
 And young birds chirp, then sow betimes
 And thou betimes shalt reap.
 Then sow! then sow!
 And thou betimes shalt reap.

—Baldwin's Monthly.



Truth crushed to earth, shall rise again;
 Th' eternal years of God are hers;
 But Error, wounded, writhes in pain,
 And dies among his worshippers.

—BRYANT.

The Two Streams.

Behold the rocky wall
That down its sloping sides
Pours the swift rain-drops, blending as they fall,
In rushing river tides!

Yon stream, whose sources run
Turned by a pebble's edge,
Is Athabasca, rolling toward the sun
Through the cleft mountain-ledge.

The slender rill had strayed
But for the slanting stone,
To evening's ocean, with the tangled braid
Of foam-flecked Oregon.

So from the heights of Will
Life's parting stream descends,
And, as a moment turns its slender rill,
Each widening torrent bends,—

From the same cradle's side,
From the same mother's knee,—
One to long darkness and the frozen tide,
One to the Peaceful Sea!

—O. W. HOLMES.

The Hidden Rill.

Across a pleasant field a rill unseen
Glides from a fountain, nor does aught betray
Its presence, save a tint of lovelier green,
And flowers that scent the air along its way.
Thus silently should charity attend
Those who in want's drear chambers pine and grieve;
No token should reveal the aid we lend,
Save the glad looks our welcome visits leave.

To the Fringed Gentian.

Thou blossom bright with autumn dew,
And colored with the heaven's own blue
That openest when the quiet light
Succeeds the keen and frosty night!

Thou comest not when violets lean
O'er wandering brooks and springs unseen,
Or columbines, in purple dressed,
Nod o'er the ground-bird's hidden nest.

Thou waitest late and com'st alone,
When woods are bare and birds are flown,
And frosts and shortening days portend
The aged year is near his end.

Then doth thy sweet and quiet eye
Look through its fringes to the sky,
Blue—blue—as if that sky let fall
A flower from its cerulean wall.

I would that thus, when I shall see
The hour of death draw near to me,
Hope, blossoming within my heart
May look to heaven as I depart.

—WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.



Merry Christmas.

There is no better time in all the year
Than this wherein we bring to our remembrance
The birthday of the Christ, whose sojourn here
Impressed upon all time a brighter semblance.
It is a merry day; and let us smile,—
Each heart within its inner sanctuary
Adore the Christ who wept a little while
So that the world might be forever merry.

—WOLSTAN DIXEY.

Our Country and Our Home.

There is a land, of every land the pride,
Beloved by heaven o'er all the world beside,
Where brighter suns dispense serener light,
And milder moons imparadise the night.
A land of beauty, virtue, valor, truth,
Time-tutored age, and love-exalted youth:
The wandering mariner, whose eye explores
The wealthiest isles, the most enchanting shores,
Views not a realm so bountiful and fair,
Nor breathes the spirit of a purer air;
In every clime the magnet of his soul,
Touched by remembrance trembles to that pole;
For in this land of heaven's peculiar grace,
The heritage of nature's noblest race,
There is a spot of earth supremely blest,
A dearer, sweeter spot than all the rest,
Where man, creation's tyrant, casts aside
His sword and scepter, pageantry and pride,
While in his softened looks benignly blend
The sire, the son, the husband, brother, friend;
Here woman reigns; the mother, daughter, wife,
Strews with fresh flowers the narrow way of life!
In the clear heaven of her delightful eye
And angel-guard of loves and graces lie;
Around her knees domestic duties meet,
And fire-side pleasures gambol at her feet;
Where shall that land, that spot of earth be found!
Art thou a man?—a patriot?—look around;
O thou shalt find, howe'er thy footsteps roam,
That land *thy country*, and that spot *thy home*.

—MONTGOMERY.



If love has never thrilled the heart,
If wrath has never lit the eye,
Then perished has the nobler part,
The good that cometh from on high.

—RITTERHAUS.

The Light-ship.

Far out across the stormy crest
 Is flung that warning flame;
 'Tis the cage of the wild tempestuous West
 No mortal hand can tame!
 But here the awful surges wrest
 Away his mighty claim.

O ship, sail on! Thy buoyant deck
 May cleave a blacker night;
 But here is doom and here is wreck
 Beneath this beacon-light.

Oh, come not nigh this gleaming sign!
 For all the waves around
 Hide hopes as beautiful as thine,
 Beneath their raging sound—
 That, in a deep-sea stillness, find
 Oblivion profound.

Speed on! Ten thousand lights may fly
 And glimmer from afar;
 But one set deeply in the sky,
 Shall be thy guiding star.

—W. DIXEY.



What to Live for.

I live for those that love me,
 For those who know me true;
 For the heaven that smiles above me,
 And awaits my spirit too,
 For the cause that lacks assistance,
 For the wrongs that need resistance,
 For the judgment in the distance,
 And the good that I can do!

—G. L. BANKS.

A Glorious Deed.

'Twas more than a hundred years ago.
 They were close beset by the dusky foe;
 They had spent of powder their scanty store,
 And who the gantlet should run for more?

She sprang to the portal and shouted, "I!
 'Tis better a girl than a man should die!
 My loss would be but the garrison's gain,
 Unbar the gate!" said Elizabeth Jane.

The powder was sixty yards away,
 Around her the foemen in ambush lay,
 As she darted from shelter they gazed with awe,
 Then wildly shouted, "A squaw! a squaw!"

She neither swerved to the left nor right,
 Swift as an antelope's was her flight,
 She gained the fort with her precious freight,
 Strong hands fastened the oaken gate.
 Brave's men eyes were suffused with tears
 That had been strangers for many years.
 From flint-lock rifles again there sped
 'Gainst the skulking redskins a storm of lead;
 And the warhoop sounded that day in vain,
 Thanks to the deed of Elizabeth Jane.

—JOHN S. ADAMS.



Gems of Gold.

A foe to God was ne'er true friend to man.—EDWARD YOUNG.

The most manifest sign of wisdom is continued cheerfulness.—MONTAIGNE.

They are never alone that are accompanied by noble thoughts.—SIR PHILIP SIDNEY.

He hath a tear for pity and a hand open as day for melting charity.—SHAKESPEARE.

The Model Girl.

A practical, plain young girl;
Not afraid-of-the-rain young girl;

A poetical posy.

A ruddy and rosy,

A helper-of-self young girl.

At-home-in-her place young girl;

A not-tightly-laced young girl;

A toilet serene.

A life pure and clean,

A princess-of-peace young girl.

A wear her own-hair young girl;

A free-from-a-stare young girl;

Improving every hour,

No sickly sunflower,

A wealth-of-rare-sense young girl.

Plenty-room-in-her-shoes young girl;

No indulger-in-blues young girl;

No false bang on her brow,

Will she ever allow,

A just-what-she-seems young girl.

Not a reader-of trash young girl;

Not a cheap jewel flash young girl;

Neither flippant nor lax,

Nor a chewer of wax,

A marvel-of sense young girl.

A lover-of-prose young girl;

Not a turn-up-of-nose young girl;

Not a slattern nor shrew,

But a know what to do,

And a matter-of-fact young girl.

A rightly ambitious young girl;

Red-lips, most-delicious young girl;

A sparkling clear eye,

That says "I will try,"

A sure-to-succeed young girl.

An honestly-working young girl;
 A never-seen-flirting young girl;
 A quiet and pure,
 A modest, demure,
 A fitting-for-wife young girl.

A sought-everywhere young girl;
 A future-most-fair young girl;
 An ever discreet,
 We too seldom meet,
 A really queen-like young girl.



We Parted in Silence.

We parted in silence—we parted at night,
 On the banks of that lonely river,
 Where the fragrant limes their boughs unite
 We met and we parted forever.
 The night birds sang and the stars above
 Told many a touching story,
 Of friends long passed to the kingdom of love,
 Where the soul wears its mantle of glory.

We parted in silence—our cheeks were wet
 With the tears that were past controlling,
 And we vow'd we would never, no never forget,
 And that vow at that time was consoling.
 But the lips that echoed that vow of mine
 Are as cold as that lonely river,
 And the sparkling eye—the spirit's shrine—
 Has shrouded its fires forever.

And now on the midnight sky I look,
 'Till my heart grows full to weeping,
 Each star to me is a sealed book—
 Some tale of that loved one keeping.
 We parted in silence—we parted in tears—
 On the banks of that lonely river:
 But the odor and bloom of those by-gone years,
 Will hang o'er its waters forever.

What Does It Matter?

It matters little where I was born,
 Or if my parents were rich or poor;
 Whether they shrank at the cold world's scorn
 Or walked in the pride of wealth secure;
 But whether I live an honest man,
 And hold my integrity firm in my clutch,
 I tell you, my brother, as plain as I can,
 It matters much!

It matters little how long I stay
 In a world of sorrow, sin, and care;
 Whether in youth I am called away
 Or live till my bones of flesh are bare;
 But whether I do the best I can
 To soften the weight of adversity's touch
 On the faded cheek of my fellow man,
 It matters much.

It matters little where be my grave,
 Or on the land, or on the sea;
 By purling brook, or 'neath stormy wave;
 It matters little or naught to me;
 But whether the Angel of Death comes down
 And marks my brow with his loving touch,
 As one that shall wear the victor's crown,
 It matters much!

—WM. ANDREW SIGOURNEY.



The Moments.

In life's glass the moments fall;
 Soon they pass beyond recall.
 Use them well before they go;
 They foretell our joy or woe.
 Prize them, well, each priceless gem;
 All our years are made of them.

Companionship.

Laugh, and the world laughs with you;
Weep, and you weep alone;
For the sad old earth must borrow its mirth,
But has trouble enough of its own.
Sing, and the hills will answer;
Sigh, it is lost on the air.
The echoes bound to joyful sound, .
But shrink from voicing care.
Rejoice, and men will seek you;
Grieve, and they turn and go.
They want full measure of all your pleasure,
But they do not need your woe.
Be glad, and your friends are many;
Be sad, and you lose them all.
There are none to decline your nectared wine,
But alone you must drink life's gall.
Feast, and your halls are crowded;
Fast, and the world goes by.
Succeed and give, it helps you live,
But no man can help you die.
There is room in the halls of pleasure
For a large and lordly train,
But one by one we must all file on
Through the narrow aisle of pain.

—ELLA WHEELER.



Never Say Fail.

In life's rosy morning
In manhood's firm pride,
Let this be your motto,
Your footsteps to guide;
In storms and in sunshine,
Whatever assail,
We'll onward and conquer,
And never say fail!

What Life May Be.

It may not be our life to wield
The sickle in the ripened field;
Not ours to hear, on summer eves,
The reaper's song among the sheaves.

Yet where our duty's task is wrought
In unison with God's great thought;
The near and future blend in one
In whatsoe'er is willed is done.

And ours the grateful service whence
Comes, day by day, the recompense;
The hope, the trust, the purpose stayed,
The fountain and the noonday shade.

And were this life the utmost span,
The only end and aim of man,
Better the toil of fields like these
Than waking dreams and slothful ease.

But life though falling like our grain,
Like that revives and springs again;
And early called how blest are they
Who wait in heaven their harvest-day.

—JOHN G. WHITTIER.

The Lucky Horseshoe.

A farmer traveling with his load
Picked up a horseshoe in the road,
And nailed it fast to his barn-door
That luck might down upon him pour.
That every blessing known in life
Might crown his homestead and his wife;
And never any kind of harm
Descend upon his growing farm.

But dire ill-fortune soon began
To visit the astounded man.
His hens declined to lay their eggs;
His bacon tumbled from the pegs,
And rats devoured the fallen legs.
His corn that never failed before
Mildewed and rotted on the floor;
His grass refused to end in hay;
His cattle died or went astray;
In short, all moved the crooked way.

Next spring a great drouth baked the sod,
And roasted every pea in pod;
The beans declared they could not grow
So long as nature acted so;
Redundant insects reared their brood
To starve for lack of juicy food;
The staves from barrel-sides went off
As if they had the whooping-cough;
And nothing of the useful kind
To hold together felt inclined;
In short it was no use to try
While all the land was in a fry.

One morn demoralized with grief
The farmer clamored for relief ;
And prayed right hard to understand
What witchcraft now possessed his land.
Why house and farm in misery grēw
Since he nailed up that "lucky" shoe.
While thus dismayed o'er matters wrong
An old man chanced to trudge along
To whom he told with wormwood tears,
How his affairs were in arrears,
And what a desperate state of things
A picked-up horseshoe sometimes brings.

The stranger asked to see the shoe;
The farmer brought it into view;
But when the old man raised his head,
He laughed outright and quickly said:
"No wonder skies upon you frown,
You've nailed the horseshoe upside down;
You turn it round and soon you'll see
How you and fortune will agree."

The farmer turned the horseshoe round
And showers began to swell the ground,
The sunshine laughed among his grain,
And heaps and heaps piled up the wain;
The loft his hay could hardly hold;
His cattle did as they were told;
His fruit-trees needed sturdy props,
To hold the gathering apple crops;
His turnip and potato fields
Astonished all men by their yields;
Folks never saw such ears of corn
As in his smiling hills were born;
His barn was full of bursting bins—
His wife presented him with twins;
His neighbors marveled more and more
To see the increase in his store.

And now the merry farmer sings:
 "There are two ways of doing things,
 And when for good luck you would pray
 Nail up the horseshoe the right way."



The Pen.

The pen is simple yet sublime!
 It writes its story on the page.
 And sends it down the stream of time
 In statesmen's lore—in minstrel's rhyme
 As echoes of the passing age.

It, too, has power to crown a king,
 And uncrown kings in realms of earth!
 By lifted finger it can bring
 A world to silence, or to sing
 An anthem of immortal birth.

The luster of the sword is dim
 Beside the lustre of the pen!
 The mountains crown the ocean's rim
 Echo the universal hymn
 That lifts it highest among men.



The Will Makes the Way.

It was a noble Roman,
 In Rome's imperial day,
 Who heard a coward croaker
 Before the castle say:

"They're safe in such a fortress—
There is no way to shake it."
"On—on!" exclaimed the hero,
"I'll find a way or make it."

Is fame your aspiration?
His path is steep and high!
In vain he seeks her temple,
Content to gaze and sigh;
The shining throne is waiting,
But he alone can take it
Who says, with Roman firmness,
"I'll find a way or make it."

Is learning your ambition?
There is no royal road;
Alike the peer and peasant
Must climb to her abode;
Who feels the thirst of knowledge
In Helicon may slake it,
If he has still the Roman will
To "find a way or make it."

Are riches worth the getting?
They must be bravely sought;
With wishing and with fretting
The boon cannot be bought;
But only he can take it
Who says with Roman courage
"I'll find a way or make it."

—JOHN G. SAXE.



The Monkey's Scheme.

The monkey said to the chimpanzee,
In a monkey's original way:
"Come, let us start a peanut stand,
We'll surely make it pay.

The boys would buy the nuts of you
As you sit your stall beside;
And everyone as he passed along
With me would his nuts divide.

So you could sell and I could feast
And both would be so gay;
For you would handle all the cash
And I would stock the nuts away."

—*Pittsburg Dispatch.*



How to Serve My Country.

How can I serve my native land?
Is it by taking sword in hand
Our boundary line help to extend
No matter whom we may offend?

'Tis not the sword that we should use
To serve our native land;
By industry with love and truth
The nation firm will stand.

My native country to befriend
Must I my time and treasure spend?
My country's welfare to promote
Must I teach people how to vote?

'Tis not by worldly care and pride
 You serve your country best
 Keep truth and honor by your side
 And leave to God the rest.

How can I serve my countrymen
 By my example, word or pen?
 Should I not teach them all to try
 To do as they would be done by?

To serve the Lord and do his will
 Is highest work for man;
 This truth in every heart instil
 By every means we can.

—LOUISE POLLOCK.



Theory and Practice.

Sir Isaac Newton had two cats,
 A mother and her kitten;
 And in connection with the three
 There's been a story written,
 And handed down to us as true—
 I'll give it in a rhyme to you.

These cats like most felines
 Demanded much attention,
 Where one would go the other would
 (Which we need scarcely mention).
 They troubled wise Sir Isaac sore,
 By scratching often at his door.

When he'd sit down to meditate
 Upon one theme or another,

His feline pets were sure to scratch,
And put him to the bother
Of getting up to let them in—
And then he'd lose his subject clean.

A happy thought at last occurred
That would adjust the matter;
'Twould please the cat and kitten, too,
(Especially the latter).
He made two holes, one large, one small,
Through which his pets might crawl.

And now the great philosopher,
Skilful in observation,
Sat down to see his wondrous plan
Put into operation.
Through the large hole the old cat came
The kitten followed through the same.



A Religious Man.

I am no critic, friends,
On those with sects and creeds,
But judge all folks according
To the nature of their deeds.

The man who's got religion
Dead solid in his heart,
Will always face the music
And do the hero's part.

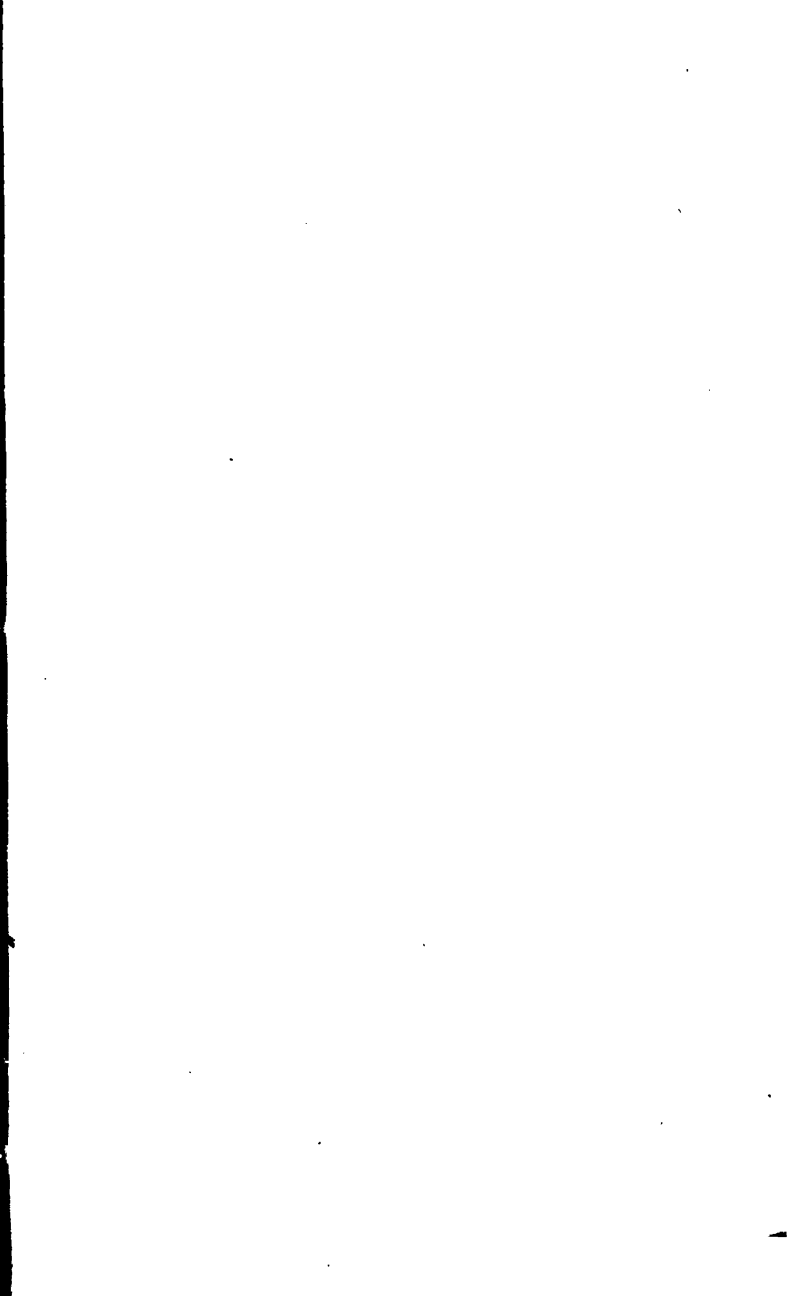
'Twill make him give back money
Found lying in the road;
'Twill make him help a fellow
To lug along his load.

'Twill make him strong and happy
Under any sort of loss;
'Twill make him give the real facts
When trading off a hoss.

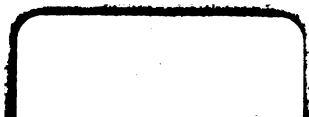
'Twill make him hold his temper,
When wife or children frets;
'Twill make him save his money
And pay his honest debts.

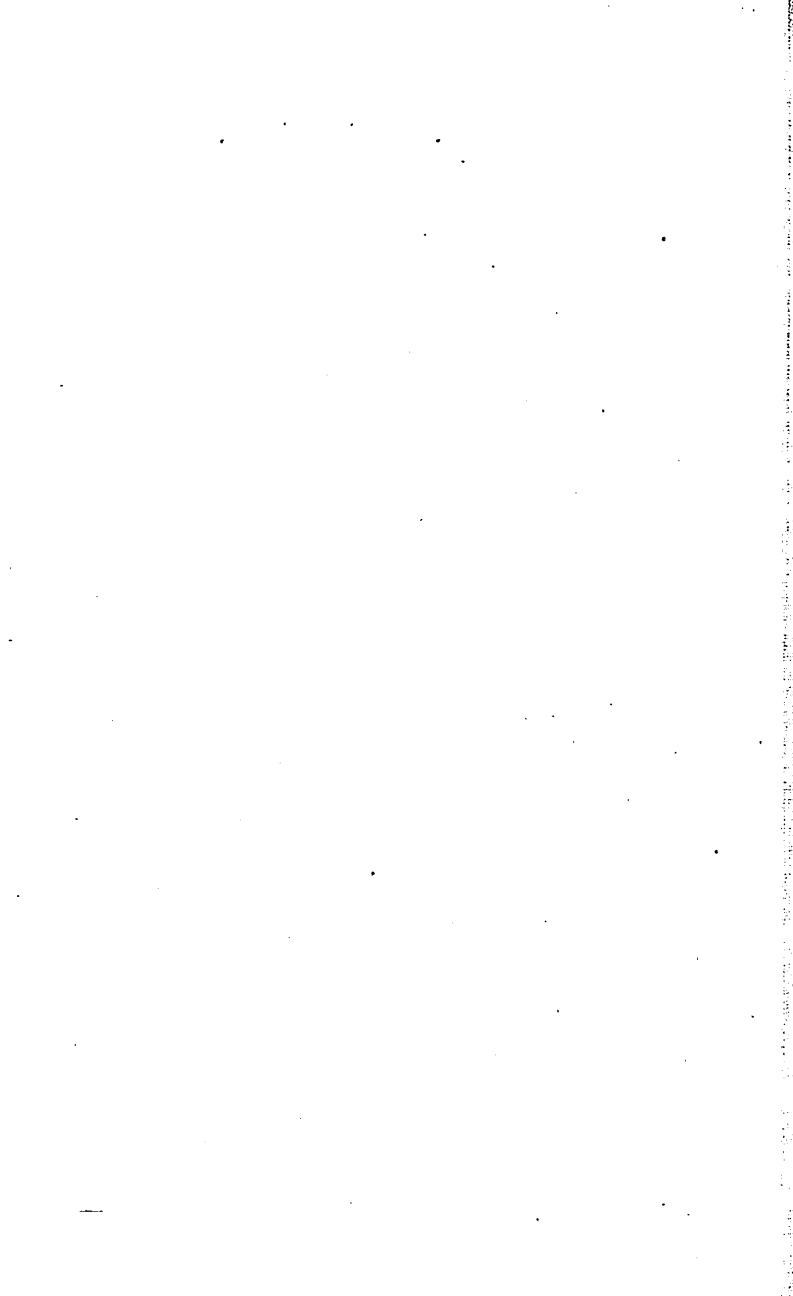
No matter what arises
He'll do the best he can;
In any deal you'll find him
A straight, square man.

W. L. G.
KJ



APR 29 1929





APR 29 1929